

THE
BUCK'S DELIGHT,
OR,
MERRY COMPANION,

CONTAINING
A COLLECTION OF COMIC SONGS,
CALCULATED

To raise the Spirits of the SONS of MIRTH,
DAUGHTERS OF FESTIVITY,
BELLIES OF HUMOUR,
and drive away Sorrow-CARE.

The Whole selected in such a Style, that any Person
may gain Assurance in the Company of the
CHOICE SPIRITS and WITS of the Age.

With many ORIGINALS in the true Vein of
Comic Poetry.

BY THE SONS of COMUS.

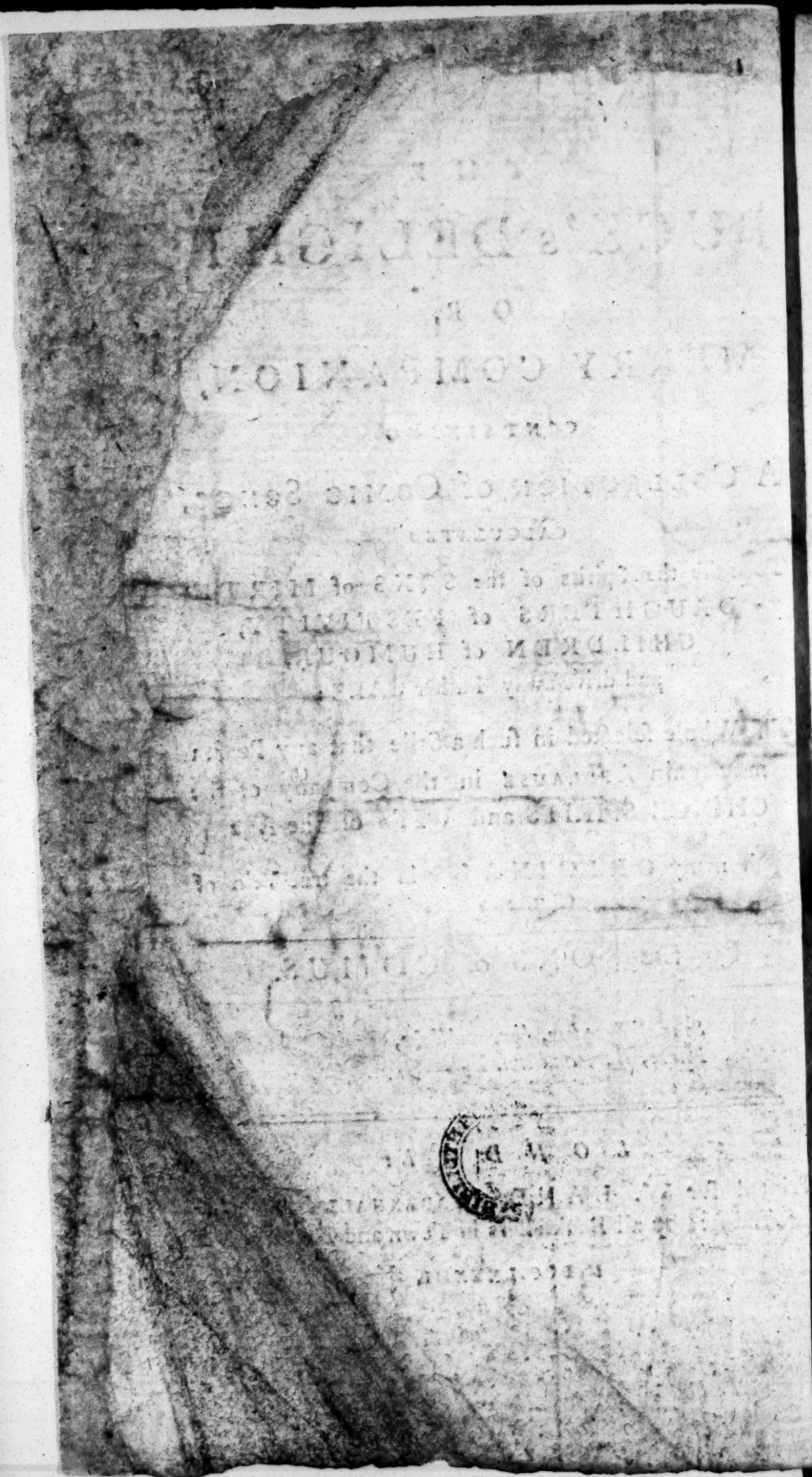
*Some of the Authors have not signed,
but they are all true Festivity.*

L O N D O N.

Printed for W. LANE, LEADENHALL-STREET,
And sold by all Bookellers in Town and Country.

M DCC LXXXIII.

37/1



B

M

I
Fo

T
So

2

THE
BUCK'S DELIGHT,
OR
MERRY COMPANION.

S O N G,

THE CHARMING FELLOW.

Sung by Mrs. Wilson, in the Agreeable Surprise.

LORD, what care I for mam or dad?
Why let them scold and bellow;
For while I live I'll love my lad,
He's such a charming fellow.

The last fair-day, on yonder green,
The youth he danc'd so well-o,
So spruce a lad was never seen,
As my sweet charming fellow.

B 2

The

2806 e. 91(2)

The fair was over, night was come,
The lad was somewhat mellow :
Says he, my dear, I'll see you home,
I thank'd the charming fellow.

We trudg'd along, the moon shone bright,
Says he, my sweetest Nello,
I'll kiss you here by this good light.
Lord, what a charming fellow !

You rogue, says I, you've stopp'd my breath !
Ye bells ring out my knell-o ;
Again I'd die so sweet a death
With such a charming fellow.

S O N G.

The CHOICE SPIRITS.

Tune, Stand round my brave boys.

SIT round, my brave boys, and assist my bad
voice,
As loud to the world I declare,
While a bumper can flow, that we'll ne'er cease to
shew
How joyous the choice spirits are, &c.

The soldier must arm at the trumpet's alarm,
For battle he's bid to prepare ;
He our foes puts to rout, we the bottle put about,
To shew what choice spirits are, &c.

The

The bucks the town yields, and the bucks of the
fields,

Who are chacing the harlot or hare,
No more risques would pursue, but the bottle keep
in view,

Did they hunt where the choice spirits are, &c.

The prude that pretends, that a man's touch offends,
And to die an old maid will declare ;

Did she take a glass of this, she would ne'er take
amiss,

To try what the choice spirits are, &c.

Ye love-sick poetic, ye poets dramatic,

Ye buskins who tragedy tear ;

Leave the paper-wasting art, quit each rant, and
each start,

And as choice spirits act if you dare, &c.

From the tutor got free, alamode a Paré,

See the fop with his puff powder'd hair,

He'd his looking glass forsake, if to drinking he'd
take,

And come where the choice spirits are, &c.

By no party perplex'd, wit and wine is our text,

Love and friendship then form up the square ;

Neither int'rest old or new, neither gypsy or Jew,

Come under the choice spirits care, &c.

No more I'll rehearse, but I'll here end my verse,

Tho' it is on a subject so rare ;

With a bumper before us, we'll sing in full chorus,

The choicest of spirits we are, &c. &c.

SONG.

S O N G.

MY name's Ted Blarney, I'll be bound,
 And man and boy upon this ground,
 Full twenty years I've beat my round,
 Crying, Vauxhall watch.

And as that time's a little short
 With some small folks that here resort;
 To be sure I have not had some sport,
 Crying, Vauxhall watch.

Oh! of pretty wenches dress'd so tight,
 And macaronies, what a sight.
 Of a moon-light morn I've bid good night,
 Crying, Vauxhall watch.

S O N G.

THE VICAR AND MOSES.

AT the sign of the horse, old Spintext of course,
 Each night took his pipe and his pot,
 O'er a jorum of nappy,
 Quite pleasant and happy, was plac'd this canonical sot.

Tol derol. derol tidol, didol.

The evening was dark, when in came the clerk,
 With reverence due, and submission;
 First strok'd his cravat, then swirl'd round his hat,
 And bowing, prefer'd his petition.

I'm

I'm come, Sir, says he, to beg, d'ye see,
 Of your reverend worship and glory,
 To inter a poor baby, with as much speed as may be
 And I'll walk with a lanthorn before you.

The body we'll bury, but pray where's the hurry?
 Why lord, Sir, the corpse it does stay!
 You fool, hold your peace, since miracles cease,
 A corpse, Moses, can't run away.

Then Moses, he smil'd, says, Sir, a small child,
 Cannot long delay your intentions;
 Why that's true, by St. Paul, a child that is small,
 Can never enlarge its dimensions.

Bring Moses some beer, and bring me some, d'ye
 hear?

I hate to be call'd from my liquor,
 Come, Moses, the King, 'tis a scandalous thing,
 Such a subject should be but a Vicar.

Then Moses he spoke, Sir, 'tis past twelve o'clock,
 Besides there's a terrible show'r:
 Why Moses, you elf, since the clock has struck
 twelve,

I'm sure it can never strike more.

Besides, my dear friend, this lesson attend,
 Which to say and to swear I'll be bold,
 That the corpse, snow or rain, can't endanger,
 that's plain,
 But perhaps you or I may take cold.

Then Moses went on, Sir, the clock has struck one !
 Pray master look up at the hand,
 Why it ne'er can strike less, 'tis a folly to press
 A man for to go—that can't stand.

At length hat and cloak, old orthodox took,
 But first cramm'd his jaw with a quid ;
 Each tipt off a gill, for fear they should chill,
 And then stagger'd away side by side.

When come to the grave, the clerk humm'd a slave,
 Whilst the surplice was wrapp'd round the Priest,
 Whilst so droll was the figure, of Moses and Vicar,
 That the parish still talk of the jest.

Good people let's pray, put the corpse t'other way,
 Or perchance I shall over it stumble,
 'Tis best to take care, tho' the fages declare,
 A mortuum caput can't tremble.

Woman that's born of man, that's wrong, the
 leaf's torn,
 Oh ! man that is born of a woman,
 Can't continue an hour, but's cut down like a flower,
 You see, Moses,—death spareth no man !

Here, Moses, do look, what a confounded book,
 ' Sure the letters are turn'd upside down,
 Such a scandalous print, sure the devil is in't,
 That this *Strahan* should print for the crown.

Prithee, Moses, you read, for I cannot proceed,
 And bury the corpse in my stead,
 (Amen, Amen.)

Why

Why Moses you're wrong, pray hold still your
tongue,
You've taken the tail for the head.

O where's thy sting, death! — put the corpse in the
earth,

For, believe me, 'tis terrible weather.
So the corpse was interr'd without praying a word,
And away they both stagger'd together.

Singing tol derol, &c.

S O N G,

Sung by Mr. Darley, in the Choice of Harlequin.

AS you mean to set sail for the land of delight,
And in wedlock's soft hammocks to swing
ev'ry night,

If you hope that your voyage successful should prove,
Fill your sails with affection, your cabbin with love.
Fill your sails, &c.

Let your heart, like the mainmast, be ever upright,
And the Union you boast like our tackle be tight;
Of the shoals of Indiff'rence be sure to keep clear,
And the quicksands of jealousy never come near.
And the quicksands, &c.

If husbands e'er hope to live peaceable lives,
They must reckon themselves, give the helm to
their wives;

For the evener we go, boys, the better we sail,
And on ship-board the helm is still rul'd by the tail.
And on ship-board, &c.

Then list to your pilot, my boy, and be wise;
 If my precepts you scorn, and my maxims despise,
 A brace of proud antlers your brows may adorn,
 And a hundred to one but you double Cape Horn.
And a hundred, &c.

S O N G.

THE JOLLY SAILOR.

A Jolly Jack tar, but a little while since,
 As drunk as a beggar, as bold as a prince,
 Fell foul of an alehouse, and thought it a sin,
 To pass without calling, so went roaring in.

Derry down, &c.

He scarce had set down, when the landlord
 Came by,
 With pudding and beef which attracted his eye;
 From the mast head a sail, Jack leapt from his
 place,

And grasping his cudgel, gave orders for chase.

Derry down, &c.

Now it happen'd together ten Frenchmen were
 met,

Resolving soup maigre and frogs to forget;
 Convinced of their error, they'd ordered a feast,
 To be dress'd and serv'd up in a true English taste.

Derry down, &c.

At the heels of the landlord, Jack quickly ap-
 pears,
 And made the room echo with three British cheers;
 Then sat himself down, without any debate,
 And whipt his old quid on his next neighbour's
 plate.

Derry down, &c.
 No sooner was Jack thus posses'd of a place,
 Than thinking it needless to wait for the grace,
 In spite of their whispers, the stout English thief,
 First grappled the pudding, then boarded the beef.

Derry down, &c.

Now nothing could equal the Frenchmen's sur-
 prise,
 They shrunk up their shoulders, and star'd with
 their eyes,
 From one went a hah! from another a hem!
 They look'd at their landlord, their landlord at
 them.

Derry down, &c.
 One more bold than the rest, by his brethren's
 advice,

Made a sneaking attempt to come in for a slice,
 But Jack cut his fingers, and gave him a check:
 Crying down with your arms, or I'll soon clear
 the deck.

Derry down, &c.
 At length to revenge, all the Frenchmen unite,
 Each seiz'd on his knife, and prepar'd for a fight;

Of quarters, says Jack, I would have you not
think ;

So strike you soup bibbers, strike, strike, or you
sink.

Derry down, &c.

The landlord beholding, approach'd from afar,
And, sneaking behind, seiz'd the hands of the tar ;
I've got him, says he, but he scarce could say
more,

'Ere he found his dull pate, where his heels were
before.

Derry down, &c.

Then frowning, Jack flourish'd his trusty old
stick,

And lay on his broadsides so fast and so thick :—
He so well play'd his part in a minute, that four
lay sprawling along with their host on the floor.

Derry down, &c.

The rest being dismay'd at their countrymens
fate,

Each fearing Jack's stick would alight on his
pate,

Soon yielded him victor, and lord of the main,
With humble entreaty to bury their slain.

Derry down, &c.

To which he consented, but order'd that they
For the beef, and the pudding, and porter should
pay ;

So saying, he stagger'd away to his wench,
Still whooping and crying, down, down with the
French.

Derry down, &c.

S O N G.

S O N G.

THE LINK-BOY.

*A Cantata.**Recitative.*

AS bawling Filbert *Nan* with roguish eye,
 Along the streets her cracking ware did cry,
 Two chairmen, who a diff'rent nation boast,
 The *Cambrian* mountains, and *Hibernia's* coast,
 Made for the fair, of *Herculean* form,
 Long time had strove the frozen lafs to warm;
 Soon as the dear-lov'd object they descry'd,
 They left their chairs, to gain her, once more try'd.
 First *Dermot* silence broke in words like these:
 He hop'd in vain the nut-brown maid to please.

AIR.

(St. Patrick's day in the morning.)

Arrah! my honey, my dear, and my jewel,
 I love you far better than nothing at all;
 If you resolve to remain always cruel,
 By *Jesus* I'm sure it will cost me a fall.
 Then take me, my sweet one, into your good graces,
 Be after consenting, I'll call you my wife;
 I'll make you a lady to wear silk and laces,
 And ride in a chair all the days of your life.
 Arrah my honey, &c.

Recitative.

His partner, who had hitherto stood mute,
 Next boldly ven'ur'd to prefer his suit;
 With visage pale as butter-milk, or whey,
 In mournful ditty thus was heard to say.

AIR.

AIR.

(Of a noble race was Shenkin.)

Tear Nanny, lofly creature,
All other maids exceeding,
Thro' Cupid's snare, and sad despair,
See how hur heart is pleading.

In kindness shew some pity,
On poor untou *Llhwelien*;
Or else hur fears, hur sighs and tears,
Will ping her to Teth's twelling.

Recitative.

With tofs'd up nose, and hands on both her sides,
She sights their offers, and their pains derides:
Proud of those charms for which the lover dies,
She snaps her fingers, and exulting cries.

AIR.

(From the man that I love, &c.)

From such lubbers as you my heart I'll defend,
To leeks and potatoes will ne'er condescend;
Then plague me no longer, for glim padding *Jack*
Is the lad I adore, and my *filbert* shall crack.

Recitative.

Scarce had she spoke, when lo! a youth appear'd.
Who Bridewell, Pump, or Tyburn never fear'd.
At play-house door, in Covent-Garden porch,
When night draws on, he plies with flaming torch.
Like *Hymen* then, it justly may be said,
He often lights fond couples home to bed.
He gazes, frowns, his looks his mind betray,
Then seiz'd her hand, and bore the nymph away.

AIR.

On y
Gent
Keep
To d
Steal
Who

(A cobb

A Popi
" N
provi
" Then e
" To wor

This buxo
Tho' seem
And at pu
So dext'ro

Father La
Who lov'd
With true
To eat up

(Colinet.)

On yon bulk behold them laid,
 Gentle Morpheus! lend thy aid.
 Keep the watch from coming there,
 To disturb the happy pair;
 Stealing pleasures while they can,
 Who so blest as *Jack and Nan*?

S O N G.

THE NEW ROLLING PIN.

(*A cobbler there was and he liv'd in a stall, &c.*)

A Popish old dame to her handmaid thus cry'd,
 "Now Christmas is coming, wench, we must
 provide;

"Then early, to-morrow, I'd have you begin,

"To work very hard with the new *Rolling-pin*."

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

This buxom young jade, as reported by fame,
 Tho' seemingly virtuous, was fond of that same;
 And at puddings and pyes the prize she wou'd win,
 So dext'rous was *Doll* at the new *Rolling-pin*.

Derry down, &c.

Father *Lawrence*, a monk of the *Franciscan* class,
 Who lov'd carnal worship much better than mass,
 With true Gallic freedom unbidden came in,
 To eat up the fruits of the new *Rolling-pin*.

Derry down, &c.

To

To the kitchen then hied this sanctified sinner,
Where *Doll* was preparing a patty for dinner;
And eyeing her o'er, "Child," says he, with a grin
"I see you can handle a good *Rolling-pin*."

Derry down, &c.

So charming a morsel resolving to taste,
He told her he'd teach her to make the *best paste*;
Then taking a kiss, chuck'd her under the chin,
And said he would shew her a *Church Rolling-pin*.

Derry down, &c.

Then down on the dresser his pupil he laid,
And having with rapture love's altar survey'd,
The flesh and the devil prevail'd o'er the tin,
He kneaded her dough with his own *Rolling pin*.

Derry down, &c.

S O N G.

YOUNG BOBBY WAS A BARBERS BOY.

YOUNG Bobby was a barber's boy,
Brown Betty was the household maid;
They each were fond to kiss and toy,
And often on the bed they play'd:
Bob's Master saw, and loudly swore
Their happiness he would delay,
Call'd him a rogue, and Bet a whore,
And vow'd to turn them both away.

One afternoon, by love beguil'd,
To Betty's chamber Bobby stray'd;

He

He found
Began
Ah! do
The u
You mak
But Bo

Scarce ha
And fu
When lo
To thr
Poor Bob
And cu
Both ran
At the

THE
con
Yet if he
And thoug
He was on
Age
He w

Whene'er
And if he
When thin
And his li

He found the damsel there, and smil'd,

Began to coax and kiss the maid :

Ah ! do not, do not, dearest Bob,

The unoffending damsel cry'd

You make my very heart to throb,

But Bobby would not be deny'd.

Scarce had he gain'd what was his aim,

And sunk within her arms,

When lo ! the cruel master came

To throw a piss-pot o'er her charms,

Poor Bob and Betty quickly rose,

And curst the tyrant in their ire,

Both ran with speed to dry their cloaths,

At the next tap-house friendly fire.

S O N G.

THE WONDERFUL OLD MAN.

THERE was an old man, and though it's not
common,

Yet if he said true, he was born of a woman ;

And though its incredible, yet I've been told,

He was once a mere infant, but age made him old,

Age made him old, age made him old,

He was once a meer infant, but age &c.

When'er he was hungry he long'd for some meat,

And if he cou'd get it, 'twas said he wou'd eat ;

When thirsty, he'd drink, if you gave him a pot,

And his liquor most commonly ran down his throat.

He

He seldom, or never, cou'd see without light,
And yet I've been told he cou'd hear in the night;
He has oft been awake in the day-time 'tis said,
And has fallen asleep as he lay in his bed.

'Tis reported his tongue always mov'd when he
talk'd,
And he stirr'd both his arms and his legs when he
walk'd;
And his gait was so odd, had you seen him, you'd
burst,
For one leg or t'other wou'd always be first.

His face was the oddest that ever was seen,
For if 'twas not wash'd it was seldom quite clean;
He shew'd most his teeth when he happen'd to grin,
And his mouth flood across 'twixt his nose and his
chin.

When this whimsical chap had a river to pass,
If he cou'd not get o'er, he'd stay where he was;
'Tis said he ne'er ventur'd to quit the dry ground,
Yet so great was his luck that he never was drown'd.

Among other strange things that beset this good
yeoman,
He was married, poor soul, and his wife was a
woman.

And unless by that liar, miss Fame, we're beguil'd,
We may roundly affirm he was never with child.

At last he fell sick, as old chronicles tell,
And then, as folks said, he was not very well.
But what is more strange, in so weak a condition,
As he cou'd not give fees, he cou'd get no physician;

What

What wo
Was occa
But peace
Had he li

Bting

SINCE
A wo
When a ch
And was a
conte

Her form
She was b
shoul
She could
could
And her l
walk.

When she
(So cunnin
If she foun
So great w

Old maxim
And knew
It is odd yo
Nothing tr
A woe.

What wonder he died, yet, 'tis said, that his death
 Was occasion'd at last by the want of his breath :
 But peace to his bones, which in ashes now moulder,
 Had he liv'd a day longer, he'd been a day older.

S O N G.

THE WONDERFUL OLD WOMAN.

Being an Answer to the Wonderful Old Man,

SINCE a Wonderful Man I find is quite common,
 A wonderful tale I'll relate of a Woman ;
 When a child, she was counted an infant, 'tis hinted,
 And was always best pleas'd, when she seem'd most
 contented.

Her form was most strange, for, as it is told us,
 She was born with a head that was plac'd on her
 shoulders ;
 She could see with her eyes, with her tongue she
 could talk,
 And her legs always mov'd when she happen'd to
 walk.

When she found herself cold, she would often desire,
 (So cunning was she) to be plac'd by the fire ;
 If she found it too hot (it is true what I say)
 So great was her sense, she would move quite away.

Old maxims she had a great store in her mind,
 And knew when she went first, she was never behind ;
 It is odd you will say, but 'twas certainly so,
 Nothing troubled her mind but misfortunes and
 woe.

In the morning, she always got up when she rose,
Nor ever look'd naked, when cover'd with
cloaths!

She'd an arm to each leg, and, strange to relate,
She had fingers and toes to her hands and her feet.

Having pass'd through this life in a manner un-
common,

When dead she was silent, altho' an old woman !

But the strangest event happen'd after her death,
To the grave she was carry'd, and quite out of
breath.

S O N G,

Sung by Mr. Bannister.

COME, bustle, bustle, drink about,
And let us merry be,
Our cann is full, we'll pump it out,
And then all hands to sea.

And a sailing we will go.

Fine Miss at dancing-school is taught,
The minuet to tread,
But we go better when we've brought
The fore-tack to cat-head.

The Jockey's call'd to horse, to horse,
And swiftly rides the race,
But swifter far we shape our course,
When we are giving chase.

When horns and shouts the forest rend,
His pack the huntsman chears ;

As loud we
A broadfi

The What's
With mu
But better s
All hand

With gold a
The ladie
But English
When pri

What's got
With swe
And then,
Thus pas

OT
Talk'd
And
Then i
Litt
Half th
And

Truth,
Why
Let the
Ther

As

As loud we hollow when we send
A broadside to Monfieurs.

The What's their names, at uproar squall,
With music fine and soft,
But better sounds our Boatwain's call,
All hands all hands aloft !

With gold and silver streamers fine
The ladies rigging shew,
But English ships much grander shine,
When prizes home we tow.

What's got at sea we spend on shore,
With sweethearts or our wives ;
And then, my boys, hoist sale for more,
Thus pass the sailors lives.

And a sailing we will go.

S O N G,

In the Duenna.

O The days when I was young !
When I laugh'd in fortune's spight,
Talk'd of love the whole day long,
And with nectar crown'd the night,
Then it was, old father care,
Little reck'd I of thy frown ;
Half thy malice youth could bear,
And the rest a bumper drown.

O the days, &c.

Truth, they say, lies in a well ;
Why I vow I ne'er could see,
Let the water drinkers tell,
There it always lay for me.

For

For when sparkling wine went round,
Never saw I falshood's mask ;
But still the honest truth I found
In the bottom of each flask.

O the days, &c.

True at length my vigour's flown,
I have years to bring decay ;
Few the locks that now I own,
And the few I have are grey.
Yet, old Jerome, thou may'st boast,
While thy spirits do not tire,
Still beneath thy age's frost
Glow's a spark of youthful fire.

O the days, &c.

S O N G,
P O O R P U F F.

Tune, A Cobler there was.

A Lively young barber, an amorous spark,
Miss Stitchwell, by moon-light, once met in
the Park,
Between whom a *tete-a-tete* soon did begin,
Young Puff much desiring to stick his *pole* in
Her down, down, down, derry down.

Her eyes he first swore like *sharp razors* had shorn
His heart of its ease, which had made him forlorn,

But *A black-bee*

But thus
Your *pole*

He then f
For love h
He ne'er
To let hin

With smil
Said she,
jee
With tong
an
Thro' talk

Soon takin
Where he
And soon
Pull'd out

She endur
And say, h
Yet as it h
Desir'd he

T' effect w
vain
He could n
Which ma
hon

But thus she made answer, oh fie, Johnny, fie,
Your *pole*, I protest, you shall ne'er stick in my —
Down, down, &c.

He then swore like *soap in hot water* he dwindled,
For love had within his poor breast a flame kindled;
He ne'er could be happy unless he could win her
To let him *beat up nature's lather* within her.
Down, down, &c.

With smiling, and smirking, and wantonly leering,
Said she, you young men are quite full of your
jeering,
With tongues smooth as *bones*, too, you'll flatter
and lie,
Thro' talking, tho' none shall *beat suds up* in my —
Down, down, &c.

Soon taking the hint, to a bench he strait led her,
Where he with her *linen* then partly o'erspread her,
And soon Mr. Puff, to end well this odd matter,
Pull'd out his *machine*, and in haste let fly at her.
Down, down, &c.

She endur'd it with ease, tho' it made him the *puffer*,
And say, he ne'er *lather'd a beard* that was tougher;
Yet as it had turn'd his *tool's edge*, she once more
Desir'd he would *set it*, and then *lather o'er* —
Her down down, &c.

T' effect which his *soap-balls* she squeez'd, but in
vain,
He could not make *suds* in her *basin* again,
Which made her exclaim, to poor Puff's great dis-
honour, —
A *black-head* of wood might as well lie upon her.
Down, down, &c.

Says she, such a *trimmer* as you I ne'er felt,
 Your *roll of pomatum* so quickly does melt,
 Your *cistern* soon drain'd too, and *cock* therefore use-
 less,—
 A *weaving-frame* I might as well have that's juice-
 less

In my down, down, &c.

S O N G.

ROGER AND JOAN.

T WAS cold, and young Roger had leave from
 the 'squire
 To cleave some dry wood to recruit his wife's fire:
 When at ev'ry blow, from his stomach there broke
 A hem, or a hah, near as loud as the stroke.
 Derry down, &c.

His wife standing by, and demanding the reason,
 Quoth Hodge, these emissions in labouring ease one,
 For while voice and members at once thus em-
 ploy'd are,
 I drive the wedge farther, and make the slit wider.
 Attentive Joan heard, and was silent till night,
 When Roger performing the conjugal right,
 In the midst of the rapturous amorous game,
 She pinch'd him and pul'd him, and bid him cry
 hem;

Hodge knew what she meant, but unable to give
 A comfort so long as his wife could receive;
 He cry'd, my dear jewel I can no more hem in,
 There's odds you know between cleaving and
 boring.

FOUR

FOUR

There was
 qui
 This
 There

Four an
 Four an
 And there
 And fido

Four an
 Four an
 There was

Four an
 Four an
 There was
 cob
 And tan

Four an
 Four an
 There was
 and c
 Coblers

Four an
 Four an

FOUR and TWENTY FIDDLERS.
A COMIC MEDLEY.

Sung by Mr. Edwin.

FOUR and twenty fiddlers all in a row,
Four and twenty fiddlers, &c.
There was fiddle faddle fiddle, and double demi semi
quibble down below;
This is my lady's birth-day,
Therefore we will keep holiday.

Four and twenty drummers all in a row,
Four and twenty drummers, &c.
And there was I rub a dub, O rub a dub,
And fiddle faddle fiddle, &c. &c.

Four and twenty trumpeters all in a row,
Four and twenty trumpeters, &c.
There was tantararero, I dub a dub, O rub a dub, &c.

Four and twenty coblers all in a row,
Four and twenty coblers, &c.
There was coblers and stop awls, stop awls and
coblers,
And tantararero, I rub a dub, &c.

Four and twenty fencing-masters all in a row,
Four and twenty fencing-masters, &c.
There was push, carte and tierce, down with his heels
and cut him across,
Coblers and stop awls, stop awls and coblers, &c.

Four and twenty captains all in a row,
Four and twenty captains, &c.

C

There

There was d—n him, kick him down stairs,
Push, carte, and tierce, &c.

Four and twenty parsons all in a row,
Four and twenty parsons, &c.

There was L—d have mercy upon us,
D—n him, kick him down stairs, &c.

Four and twenty taylors all in a row,
Four and twenty taylors, &c.

There was one caught a louse, another let him loose;
D—n his eyes, says another, knock him down with
the goose;
Lord have mercy upon us, &c.

Four and twenty barbers all in a row,
Four and twenty barbers, &c.

There was long wigs, toupees, frizee, frize, powder
and pomatum, two ruffles and never a shirt;
d—n'd hard times, walk in, your honours—
and shave for a penny.
One caught a louse, &c.

Four and twenty quakers all in a row,
Four and twenty quakers, &c.

There was Abram he begat Isaac, and Isaac begat
Jacob, and Jacob he open'd his generation box,
—with long wigs, toupees, &c.

Four and twenty Dutchmen all in a row,
Four and twenty Dutchmen, &c.

There were Americanos, Spaniorum, Amsterdam,
Rotterdam, and d—nation seize them all to-
gether—Abram he begat Isaac, and Isaac begat
Jacob, and Jacob open'd his generation box,
with

with—
der an
d—n
shave
let hi
knock
mercy
stairs;
his he
stop a
I rub
fiddle,
below,

Sung by

IN the c
I'd not
Not a bear,
But one tha

A log I'd
And a stork
such suitors
I want one

The lad in
So handsom
With such a
He's one th

with—Long wigs, toupees, frizee, frize, powder and pomatum, two ruffles and never a shirt; d—n'd hard times; walk in your honours, and shave for a penny—One caught a louse, another let him loose—D—n his eyes, says another, knock him down with the goose—L—d have mercy upon us—D—n him, kick him down stairs;—push, carte, and tierce; down with his heels, and cut him across—Coblers and stop awls, stop awls and coblers—Tantarararo, I rub a dub, O rub a dub—And fiddle fiddle fiddle, and double demi-semi quibble down below,

This is my Lady's birth-day,
Therefore we will keep holiday.

S O N G.

THE WIDOW'S CHOICE.

Sung by Mrs. Webb, in the Agreeable Surprise.

IN the choice of a husband us widows are nice;
I'd not have a man would grow old in a trice;
Not a bear, or a monkey, a clown, or a fop,
But one that could baffle and stir in my shop.

A log I'd avoid, when I'm chusing my lad,
And a stork, that might gobble up all that I had;
Such suitors I've had, fir—but off they might hop—
I want one that can baffle and stir in my shop.

The lad in my eye is the man to my mind;
So handsome, so young, so polite, and so kind;
With such a good soul to the altar I'd pop—
He's one that can baffle and stir in my shop.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Moody.

MY sweet pretty Mogg, you're as soft as a bog,
 And wild as a kitten, and wild as a kitten :
 Those eyes on your face—(O pity my case)
 Poor Dermot hath smitten, poor Dermot hath smitten.

Far softer than silk, and as fair as new-milk,
 Your lily-white hand is, your lily-white hand is:
 Your shape's like a pail ; from your head to your tail,
 You're strait as a wand is, you're strait as a wand is.

Your lips red as cherries, and your curling hair is
 As black as the Devil, as black as the Devil :
 Your breath is as sweet too as any potatoe,
 Or orange from seville, or orange from seville.

When dress'd in your boddice, you trip like a goddess
 So nimble, so frisky ! so nimble, so frisky !
 A kiss on your cheek ('tis so soft and so sleek)
 Would warm me like whisky, would warm me like
 whisky.

I grunt and I pine, and I sob like a swine,
 Because you're so cruel, because you're so cruel.
 No rest I can take ; and asleep or awake
 I dream of my jewel, I dream of my jewel.

Your hate then give o'er ; nor Dermont your lover
 So cruelly handle, so cruelly handle ;
 Or Dermont must die, like a pig in a sty,
 Or the snuff of a candle, the snuff of a candle.

S O N G.

TH
WH
 Our wiv
 chaf
 Their br

Ere coffe
 Our ance
 Their br
 brow

Our hero
 Could ma
 Oh ! did

When the
 Our sailo
 And sent

Our clerg
 Ere they
 Then pre
 n

S O N G.

THE BROWN BEER OF OLD ENGLAND.

WHEN humming brown beer was the English-
man's taste,

Our wives they were merry, our daughters were
chaste ;

Their breath smelt like roses whenever embrac'd.

Oh the brown beer of Old England,
And oh the Old English brown beer !

Ere coffee and tea found their way to the throne,

Our ancestors they by their fires sat down ;

Their bread it was white, and their beer it was
brown.

Oh the brown beer, &c.

Our heroes of old, of whose conquests we boast,

Could make a good meal of a pot and a toast ;

Oh ! did we so now, we should soon rule the roast.

Oh the brown beer, &c.

When the great Spanish fleet on our coast did appear

Our sailors each one drank a jorum of beer,

And sent them away with a flea in their ear.

Oh the brown beer, &c.

Our clergymen then took a cup of good beer,

Ere they mounted the rostrum, their spirits to cheer ;

Then preach'd against vices, though courtiers were
near.

Oh the brown beer, &c.

Their doctrines then were authentic and bold,
And grounded on Scripture, and fathers of old ;
But now they preach nothing but what they are told.
Oh the brown beer, &c.

For since the geneva, and strong ratifée,
They are dwindled to nothing but, stay—let me see,
Faith nothing at all but meer fiddle-de-dee.
Oh the brown beer, &c.

S O N G.

THE FARMER'S RAMELE TO LONDON.

A Medley.

COME, Roger, and listen to where I have been,
I'll tell thee what wonderful sights I have seen;
Such places for pastime, and highest renown,
In that famous city, called fair London town:
Charming London! happy London!
In that famous city, call'd fair London town!

First, you must know that we did go
Into the city, into the city;
And saw, not far from Temple Bar,
The wax work pretty, the wax-work pretty.

O! then they carried me
To a place they call'd St. Paul's,
Where thousands I did see,
But 'twas bigger than them all;

Then

Then up the winding stairs,
 So high we did ascend,
 So many ways, I thought
 We ne'er should see an end.
 Oh! how we gap'd and star'd,
 When to the top we came;
 Had you been in my place,
 Why you'd have done the same.

To Guildhall next we did repair,
 All for to see the giants;
 They told me that they did stand there
 To bid the French defiance;
 And when they heard the clock strike one,
 They would come down and greet me;
 Icod! I did not like such fun,
 For fear that they should eat me!

And then to the Tower away we all stroll'd,
 The lions, the armour, and crown to behold;
 Where the show-man at last had the lassies so fair,
 In Old Harry's pincushion stick a pin there.

Back to Westminster-abbey we stray'd,
 Where I saw all the kings and queens tombs;
 But I never saw since I was made,
 Such a number of deadly high rooms!
 Then the organs they play'd up so fine,
 What the boys sung, I understood not,
 And the people in chorus did join,
 That in heaven I thought I had got!

At playhouse too, I did admire
 A man a walking on the wire,
 As tho' it was the ground;

As for the sails of our old mill,
 Compar'd with him they do stand still.
 So swift he did turn round !
 But now, alas ! the time was come,
 When I must think of going home ;
 Ah me, unhappy clown !
 I dreamt of what I'd seen all night
 So early by the morning light,
 I left dear London town !
 Charming London, lovely London !
 Adieu dear London, London town !

S O N G.

THE OLD CLOATHS MEN.

Or, Moses and Abram's bad bargain.

NO doubt but you've heard of the famous Lord
 Croker,
 A very great man and a very great joker,
 In the course of my ditty you'll find it is true,
 As the story is told by old Abram's the Jew.
 Py cod it ish true vat I'm going to shay,
 Ash'in Burlington-shreet I wath calling one tay,
 A shentleman's shervant cried hip maister Jew,
 I have cot a cood bargain come hither and view.

So I shay brother Moses, as he wath wit me,
 Here ish a cood bargain let us bote go and shee ;
 De shervant belongs to Lord Croker, I gues,
 Wee'll sheat him to sure as Cod shall us pless.
 So he shew'd us some cloash dat vash look fery fine,
 And it vash in de room vere my Lord he vash dine,

De

De bargain vash struck, he went out to get shange,
And left Moses and me thro' de whole house to range.

Py cod we vash tinkin' to pack up de plate,
Vich we shaw in creat plenty, of very creat weight;
When my Lord vash come in full of laughter and
fun,

Vich finish'd dat business before itsh begun.
Py Cod shays my Lord, you are fery cood fellows,
Vill you do me a favor, I prethee come tell us;
Sho frighten'd vere we, dat we shaid, dat we wood,
(Vith a certain proviso, vich vash) if we cou'd.

'Tis only shays he, on them cloathes for to shit,
Cood Cod we cry'd bote we cannot do won bit;
But my Lord drew his shword, and sho loudly did
shwear,

Dat Moses vash shit, py Cod, quite out of fear.
But when dat he found dat I could not shite too,
He shwore I shou'd eat it wit out more a do,
Sho I eat it all up, tish true vat I tell ye,
Or he would have run his shword, quite thro' my
belly.

His Lordship then kickt us bote out of door,
And he call us bote schwindling ion of a whore;
Our bargain vash lost and our shange never got,
So Moses and I had, a fery bad lot
Then ALL ye Shew merchants who deal in old
cloaths,

Take care vat cood bargains some folks may propose;
Or like Moses and me, you may take bote our word,
You may have in your belly a shword or a turd.

S O N G.

FATHER PAUL.

LET grave divines preach up dull rules,
And moral wit refine,
The precepts taught in Roman schools,
We friars here define.

C H O R U S.

Here's a health to Father Paul,
For flowing bowls
Inspire the souls
Of jolly friars all.

When in the convent we are met,
We laugh, we joke, we sing;
All worldly cares we there forget,
For Father Paul's our king,
Here's a health, &c.

No absolution we will give,
Ye blue ey'd nuns so fair;
No benediction here receive,
But banish all your care.
Here's a health, &c.

With beads and cross, not held divine,
We pray with fervent zeal
To rosy Bacchus, god of wine,
Who does each joy reveal.
Here's a health, &c.

May

May ev'ry friar please his nun,
Each nun her friar please ;
And each alike enjoy their fun
With freedom and with ease.
Here's a health, &c.

Then fill your bumper, sons of mirth,
Let friars be the toast ;
Long may they all exist on earth,
And nuns their orders boast.
Here's a health, &c.

S O N G.

LAUGH AND GROW FAT.

YE humdrums who sigh all your life-time away,
Without the kind warmth of brisk jolity's ray,
Who with whining and pining grow stupid and flat,
Accept the sweet balsam of—Laugh and Grow Fat.
Laugh—ha ! ha ! ha ! &c.

Of excellent virtues, and well known to cure
Most griefs that the body or mind do endure ;
It does ease all the troubles bad fortune begat,
When once you're acquainted with—Laugh and
Grow Fat.
Laugh—ha ! ha ! ha ! &c.

The Methodist Preacher, with well feigned rage,
May laugh at the folly and vice of the age ;
So dull is his nonsense, so formal his chat,
That I am resolved to—Laugh and Grow Fat.
Laugh—ha ! ha ! ha ! &c.

Now come you brisk souls, and assist me to draw,
 To lengthen the chorus of—ha! ha! ha! ha!
 Tho' fortune frown on us, what care we for that?
 We scorn all its terrors, and—Laugh and Grow Fat.
 Laugh, ha! ha! ha! &c.

S O N G.

THE JOLLY TOPER.

A Bacchanalian.

I'M a hearty good fellow, a ruby-nos'd sot,
 Who never yet thought of treason, or plot :
 A bottle that's mellow is the chief of my cares,
 And I guzzle each night, 'till I'm carried up stairs.

On the tombs of the brave ones, the wealthy, and
 wife,
 We are only inform'd, that "Under he lies ;"
 'Tis a hint that I like not, a trumpery tale,
 So I now drown the thoughts on't in flaggons of ale.

They may name me sot, blockhead, or e'en what
 they will ;
 But if wealth, nor if riches, nor wisdom, or skill,
 Can their owners preserve from a church-yard, or
 priest,
 Why, I'll live as I like it—for method's a jest.

On the lesson of nature it is that I think,
 For she taught me to love, and she taught me to
 drink ;
 To my pleasures full power she taught me to give,
 And I'll stick to her maxims as long as I live.

I've

I've mon
 Be roarin
 That, col
 He's gon
 pa

AT cr
 Fe
 He won-
 In feig

" I'll no
 " You
 " What
 When

" It feel
 " Yet
 " Sir, ta
 " To

"Twas do
 And f
 " Dear
 " Un

All Four
 Had a
 Who go
 As the

I've money, good store on't, and spend it I must;
Be roaring and merry, but honest and just,
That, cold in my coffin, my landlord may say,
He's gone, and he's welcome—there's nothing to
pay.

S O N G.

PLAYING AT CARDS FOR KISSES.

AT cribbage, Tom and Phillis play'd
For kisses, and the stakes would hold;
He won—she said she would be paid—
In feign'd surprize he thus her told:

“ I'll not be serv'd so, on my word;
“ Your honor, Miss, you now have broke;
“ What, keep my winnings? how absurd!”
When she in smiling rage thus spoke:
“ It seems you're in a wrangling mood,
“ Yet free from anger's hateful strain;
“ Sir, take your kisses, be so good,
“ To give me all my own again.”

'Twas done! they play'd once more—she won,
And for prompt payment Tom implores;
“ Dear Phil. (says he) I'll pay you none,
“ Unless you beat me at All Fours.”

All Fours they play'd, and every game
Had an interlude of blisses;
Who got, or lost, 'twas all the same,
As the loser paid with Kisses.

S O N G.

NANCY I HAVE LOST MY WIG.

NANCY I have lost my wig,
 Did you see my jazey,
 Powder'd well with curls so big,
 I shall sure grow crazy :
 How my scull it first forfook,
 It is past recounting,
 Perhaps the wind away it took,
 In the air high mounting.

Never shall I see one more,
 That is equal to it,
 Not the lawyer's swell'd before,
 With its three tails to it :
 Neither bag, nor bob, nor queue,
 Or the doctor's grizzle,
 Or the Tyburn top in view,
 Had so fine a frizzle.

Strike it on a table's verge,
 When its hair was knotted,
 In ringlets soon it would emerge,
 As it ne'er was clotted :
 Flaxen, chesnut, or coal black,
 It could beat them all, Sir,
 Tho' it had got a little crack,
 And greasy in the call, Sir.

Ask the barbers every where,
 If by chance they've found it,

Some

Some pi
 Does
 Nancy i
 Bring
 I with g
 Will

I'll w

BAR
 (Pride o
 'Twa
 I for it r
 Whol
 Ah ! w
 Since

Jemmy
 'Till
 He caut
 'Gain
 Whithe
 Barbe
 Ah ! me
 Exam

Some pifs burnt Spanish here and there,

Does you'll find surround it :

Nancy if you find my wig,

Bring me back my jazey,

I with gratitude quite big,

Will always strive to please ye.

or,

I'll well reward your daisey.

S O N G.

THE CAXON.

A Burlesque.

BARBERS, I have lost my wig !

Have you seen my caxon ?

(Pride of ev'ry empty prig)

'Twas made by Jemmy Jackson.

I for it my hair forlook,

Whose colour was a flaxen ;

Ah ! woe is me, how sad I look,

Since I have lost my caxon ?

Jemmy I must ne'er see more,

'Till my wig's returning !

He caution'd me, aye o'er and o'er,

'Gainst losing, and 'gainst burning !

Whither is my caxon toss'd ?

Barbers, tell me quickly ;

Ah ! me, perhaps 'tis ever lost,

Examine e'er so strictly.

SONG

S O N G.

THE FISHMONGER'S LAMENTATION.

FISHWIVES, I have lost my wife!
 Have you seen my Sarah?
 The pride and comfort of my life,
 My kind, my best, my dear-a!
 She went out this afternoon—
 Ah! that I knew whither!
 If I thought her in the moon,
 C—se me, but I'd go thither!

But I'll first my Sarah seek
 All around the city;
 Tears bedew me while I speak!
 Fishwives do me pity!
 Lay, oh! lay your baskets by,
 You vociferous founders—
 Sarah, Sarah, Sarah, cry,
 Instead of cod, and flounders!

S O N G.

THE QUEER MOUTH'D FAMILY.

YE Lovers of ditties attend,
 Give ear to a comical song;
 As merry as ever was penn'd,
 Although it is not very long;

There

There was *Howard*, and *Coward*, and *Bidd*,
 With *Richard* and *Double Clack* too ;
 Each mouth it most certainly did
 Confoundedly turn all askew.

To the left stood the mouth of old *Coward*,
 Miss *Bridget*'s bent always below,
 On the other side screw'd Master *Howard*,
 But *Dick*'s pouted up you must know ;
 Dame *Double Clack*'s was a pouch mouth
 (And her lips they were terrible thick)
 It neither stood westward nor south,
 So she always cou'd answer you quick.

Master *Dick* on the day he was wed,
 To *Biddy* his beautiful bride,
 As the stocking was throwing on bed,
 Pray mark what ill luck did betide ;
 The candle by chance was put out,
 Yet a light there was left in the snuff,
 They determined to bring it about,
 So each of them gavé it a puff.

Master *Howard* he puff'd to the right,
 And *Bridget* she puff'd it below,
 Master *Coward* puff'd left-handed quite,
 Yet none of their puffing wou'd do :
Dick puff'd up as high as his nose,
 Like the rest all his puffing was vain,
 But *Double Clack* — so the song goes,
 (She only the light cou'd regain.)

Then here's a good health to the dame,
 A midwife she was by her trade ;

There

She

She quickened the candle's bright flame,
 As well as if she'd been a maid;
 So now to conclude my short song,
 We'll wish the young couple Godspeed;
 Success to their wishes e'er long,
 To keep up the beautiful breed.

S O N G.

THE MAD FAMILY.

THERE was a mad-man, he had a mad wife,
 And they liv'd in a mad lane, Sir,
 They had ten children to bring up,
 And they were mad the same, Sir.

The father was mad, and the mother was mad,
 The children was mad besides, Sir,
 And they all got up, on a mad horse,
 And madly they did ride, Sir.

How they got up, or how they got down,
 There's no man living can tell, Sir,
 But madly they rode until that they came
 Unto the gates of Hell, Sir.

The Devil was glad to see them all mad,
 And 'rose to let them in, Sir,
 But when he found them more mad than himself,
 He turn'd them out again, Sir.

SONG.

S O N G.

GAYLY TAILY FLUM.

I'M a blofs of the town, and Ned is my flafh,
 Gayly taily flum :
 I'm a blofs of the town and Ned is my flafh,
 I fleece all my culls and I tip him the cash,
 With my gayly taily flatherum-a-ry,
 gayly taily flather-um-a-ry, gayly taily flum.

With the beft of the brims my head is high drest,
 Gayly taily flum,
 Have an air and a motion as well as the beft,
 With my gayly, &c.

From fam'd *Ludgate-hill* unto *Temple-bar*,
 Gayly taily flum :
 I ramble about to difpofe of my ware,
 With my gayly, &c.

I met with a failor who tip'd me the wink,
 Gayly, taily flum :
 We went to a tavern I mac'd all his chink
 With my gayly, &c.

If the Watch or the Conftable come in my play,
 Gayly taily flum :
 I fluce well their gobs and I foon get away,
 With my gaily, &c.

But if that by chance I fhould pike to mill-doll,
 Gayly taily flum :
 The pads and the fcamps will all vifit queer Moll,
 With their gayly, &c.

SONG,

[44]

S O N G.

LINCO'S TRAVELS.

Sung by Mr. King.

CHORUS OF SHEPHERDS.

WELCOME, Linco, welcome home,
Welcome, Linco, welcome home,
Welcome, Linco, welcome home,
Welcome Linco, &c.

LINCO.

Happy am I that I'm come,
Happy, happy that I'm come;
Tho' I've been in countries rare,
Seen such sights, would make you stare!

CHORUS.

Happy are we that you're come,
Happy are we, &c.

SHEPHERDS.

Tell us, tell us!

LINCO.

Give me air!

SHEPHERDS.

Tell us, tell us!

LINCO.

Give me air, to blow my bellows

SHEPHERDS.

Tell us, tell us!

LINCO

[45]

LINCO.

Give me air!

SHEPHERDS.

Tell us, tell us!

LINCO.

A moment spare!

SHEPHERDS.

Make your neighbours some amends;
Make your neighbours, &c.

LINCO.

Never, never more I'll wander,
(Simple, simple, silly gander)
From my flock, and cackling friends!
From my flock, &c.

I saw sprightly France, that nation so gay,
Where they sing and they dance all their sorrows
away;

For with fol de rol, lol de rol, la la la,
Fol de rol, lol de rol, la la la,
They sing and they dance all their sorrows away,
Sing and dance all their sorrows away;
Thus, thus they drive sorrow away!

De Germans so brafe,

Not a smile must come near;
When dey laugh, they are graaf,
'Tis dus mit Mynheer,
For with down de ron, down de ron, de ron down,
Down de ron, down de ron, de ron down,
When dey laugh, dey are graaf,
'Tis dus mit Mynheer,
Yaw yaw yaw Mynheer,
Nyt laughter, nyt laughter Mynheer.

LINCO

LINCO.

The Italian so fly,
 Has one simple plan,
 On your purse keeps his eye,
 And his hand if he can.
 If you fol de rol, tol de rol, la ra la,
 Then they'll tol de rol, tol de rol, la ra la;
 On your purse keep their eye,
 And their hand if they can;
 Their eye, their hand, and both, if they can;
 Si, si Signior if they can.

But the English (strange folks!)
 Are my greatest delight;
 They scold, and they joke,
 Shake hands, and then fight;
 This minute, tal la de ral, la ra la,
 The next, tol de rol de rol, la ra la,
 They scold, and they joke,
 Shake hands, and then fight;
 Kifs you, curse you, kifs ye, and fight,
 * Curse, kifs ye, kifs, curse ye, and fight.

I'll never go abroad again,
 Nor ever will I roam,
 For he has but a flimsy brain,
 Who wanders far from home;
 See nine in ten of Englishmen,
 Who run the nations o'er,
 Tho' pert and gay, yet pray are they
 Much wiser than before?
 Tho' pert and gay, &c.

Contented here I'll pass my life,
 For roving's but a curse;

I'll

H A
 When
 But

So the
 Betty

I'll take my country as a wife,
 For better and for worse ;
 For nine in ten of Englishmen,
 Who run the nations o'er,
 Tho' pert and gay, yet pray are they
 Much wiser than before ?
 For nine in ten, &c.

While I can see such fights as these,
 And such a harvest bring,
 And while I can my betters please,
 For ever will I sing,
 That nine in ten of Englishmen
 Who choose abroad to roam,
 Among mankind will never find,
 The worth they leave at home.
 Among mankind, &c.

S O N G.

HAVE you not heard of Billy Pringle's Pig,
 'Twas not very little nor yet very big ;
 When 'twas alive it liv'd in clover,
 But now 'tis dead and that is all over.

Billy Pringle—he
 Sat down and cry'd,
 Betty Pringle—she
 Laid down and died :

So there was an end Of one, two, and three,
 Betty Pringle, Billy Pringle,—and piggy wiggy.

S O N G.

S O N G.

THE SAILORS DELIGHT.

COME all my brave lads, away quickly come,
At the sound of the fife, or the beat of a drum;
We'll fight for Royal George if we die by our guns,
On board of a Man of War.

All you that are in limbo for drinking of good ale,
Come and enter with us we've a sweet and pleasant
gale ;

We'll pay off all your debts with a flying top sail,
On board, &c.

We'll hoist up our jack, and our pendants we'll let
fly,

And fight the French and Spaniards, if any we
come nigh ;

Let more powder and more shot be the whole of
the cry.

On board, &c.

On our way in the night as we're plowing of the
deep,

A Spanish galloon we may chance for to meet,
While you ye lazy landmen lay snoring asleep.

Not on board, &c.

When the battle it is over then we that do survive,
Bring home our gold and silver to sweethearts or to
wives ;

And this is the way jolly sailors spend their lives,
On board, &c.

TH
And sh
By c

She bo
In th
And ev
She c

It happ
As g
She me
Woul

He said,
" Inc
But she
Come

At leng
What
And be
Come

And nov
For B
She goes
No m

S O N G.

MELTON OYSTERS.

THERE was a clever, likely lass,
 Just come to town from Glo'ster;
 And she did get her livelihood
 By crying Melton Oysters.

She bore her basket on her head
 In the genteelest posture;
 And ev'ry day, and ev'ry night,
 She cry'd her Melton Oysters.

It happen'd on a certain day,
 As going through the Cloisters,
 She met a Lord so fine and gay,
 Would buy her Melton Oysters.

He said, " Young damsel go with me,
 " Indeed I'm no impostor;"
 But she kept bawling in his ears,
 Come buy my Melton Oysters.

At length resolv'd with him to go,
 Whatever it might cost her,
 And be no more oblig'd to cry,
 Come buy my Melton Oysters.

And now she is a lady gay,
 For Billingsgate has lost her;
 She goes to masquerade and play,
 No more cries Melton Oysters!

D

S O N G,

S O N G,

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in the Castle of Andalusia.

AIR—PADRILLO.

A Master I have, and I am his man,
 Galloping dreary dun,
 And he'll get a wife as fast as he can,
 With a haily,
 Gaily,
 Gambo raily,
 Giggling,
 Niggling.
 Galloping galloway, draggie-tail dreary dun.

I saddled his steed, so fine and so gay,
 Galloping dreary dun ;
 I mounted my mule, and we rode away,
 With our haily, &c.

We canter'd along until it grew dark,
 Galloping dreary dun ;
 The nightingale sung instead of the lark,
 With her haily, &c.

We met with a Friar, and ask'd him our way,
 Galloping dreary dun ;
 By the Lord, says the Friar, you are both astray,
 With your haily, &c.

Our journey, I fear, will do us no good,
 Galloping dreary dun ;
 We wander alone, like the babes i' the wood,
 With our haily, &c.

My

My master's a fighting, and I'll take a peep,
 Galloping dreary dun ;
 But now I think better—I better go to sleep,
 With my haily, &c.

S O N G,

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in the Agreeable Surprise.

AM O, *amas,*
 I love a lass,
 As a cedar tall and slender ;
 Sweet cowslips grace
 Is her nom'tive case,
 And she's of the feminine gender.

C H O R U S.

*Rorum corum
 Sunt divorum,
 Harum scarum !
 Diwo !
 Tag rag, merry derry, perriwig and hat-band,
 Hic, hoc, borum genetivo !*

Can I decline
 A nymph divine ?
 Her voice as a flute is *dulcis* ;
 Her *oculus* bright,
 Her *manus* white,
 And soft, when I *tacto* her pulse is.
Rorum, corum, &c.

Oh, how *bella*,
My puella !
 I'll kifs *secula seculorum* :
 If I've luck, Sir,
 She's my *uxor*,
O dies benedictorum !

Rorum corum, &c.

S O N G.

TOM and Brother JACK.

Tom. **H**OW goes it brother Jack ?
 You're grown so much a beau now,
 Had I seen but your back,
 D—n me if I'd have known you,
 Brother Jack.

Jack. What chear old messmate Tom ?
 You look as if you'd cry now,
 But I have news from home,
 Will make you jump mast high now,
 Messmate Tom.

Since our brave gallant Rodney,
 Has shewn the French some play,
 It is now peace my kiddy ;
 And so we'll drink away,
 To Rodney.

Tom. Huzza ! my hearty cock !
 For this news damn all sorrow,
 I'll pawn my shirt and frock,
 But I'll get drunk tomorrow,
 Hearty cock !

Jack.

Jack. When all the ships are paid,
We'll lead a merry life boy ;
Blood ! then how we'll parade,
With ev'ry one his wife boy,
When we're paid !

Tom. Nay some will have their pairs,
They'll be so open hearted ;
And brimstones will have chairs,
That rather should be carted,
All in pairs.

Jack. The bawds, their d——d mammas,
From Plymouth up to Wapping,
Will deck their clumsy paws,
With rings and gaudy trapping,
Rot their maws.

Tom. But then the highest fun,
Will be when all is spent, fir,
To see some ragged run,
And some keep always lent, fir,
For past fun.

Jack. Our proud lieutenants then,—
Those empty flashing sporters,
May pimps turn to great men,
Companions to their porters,
Not proud then.

Tom. Our midshipmen now beaux,—
It makes me laugh to think boys,
Will cry about old cloaths ;
And corporals turn link boys,
To those beaux.

Jack. Amongst the d——n'd odd scenes,
You'll see in jails and cages,
Lieutenants of marines,——
And doctors mates on stages,
D——n'd odd scenes.

Tom. The steward dirty slave,
That us'd to cheat us daily,
Will still remain a knave,
And follow some bum-bailey,
Dirty slave!

Jack. Then while we range about,
Just come perhaps from Guinea,
The whores, with scarce a clout,
We'll see ship'd for Virginia,
All turn'd out.

Both. That day then jolly buck,
We will make the taps to flow;
And drink "rest and great luck,"
To Rodney, Hood, and Howe,
Jolly Buck!

S O N G.

THE JOLLY WATERMAN.

AND did you not hear of a jolly young waterman
Who at Black-friars bridge us'd for to ply?
He feather'd his oars with such skill and dexterity,
Winning each heart, and delighting each eye;

He

He-look'
The maid
And he e
ai
That this

What figh
'Twas
He was a
In a pa
And often
But 'twas
For lovin
For this v

And yet,
As he r
He was p
That sh
di
And woul
He'd wed
And how
When he'

TH
And each
But a
Meer

He look'd so neat, and row'd so steadily,
 The maidens all flock'd in his boat so readily ;
 And he ey'd the young rogues with so charming an
 air,
 That this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

What sights of fine folks he oft row'd in his wherry,
 'Twas clean'd out so neat, and so painted withal !
 He was always first oars, when the fine city ladies,
 In a party to Ranelagh went, or Vauxhall.
 And oftentimes wou'd they be giggling and leering
 But 'twas all one to Tom, their gibing and jeering ;
 For loving, or liking, he little did care,
 For this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

And yet, but to see how strangely things happen ;
 As he row'd along, thinking of nothing at all,
 He was ply'd by a damsel so lovely and charming,
 That she smil'd, and so straightway in love he
 did fall.

And would this young damsel but banish his sorrow,
 He'd wed her to-night, before it was morrow ;
 And how should this waterman ever know care,
 When he's marry'd, and never in want of a fare ?

S O N G.

THE MEDLEY.

THIS world is a stage
 On which mankind engage,
 And each acts his part in a throng ;
 But all in confusion,
 Meer folly, delusion,

And faith, nothing else but a song ;
 A song, a song,
 And faith, nothing else but a song.

The parson so grave,
 Says your soul he will save,
 And point the right way from the wrong,
 After piously teaching,
 And long winded preaching,
 And puts off his flock with a song, &c.

The doctor he fills
 You with bolus and pills,
 With assurance to make you live long ;
 But believe me 'tis true,
 The guinea's in view,
 And the rest it is all but a song, &c.

The surgeon so bold
 His lancet doth hold,
 And slashes your body along ;
 Small wounds he enlarges,
 To fill up your charges,
 His art like the rest is a song, &c.

The soldier he rattles
 Of sieges and battles,
 And actions that he's been among ;
 His preferment and spirit
 Are both like his merit,
 You see they are bought for a song, &c.

The master he cries,
 See the clouds how they rise,
 Up aloft, my brisk lads, it blows strong ;
 Boy,

Boy, make us some flip,
And I'll warrant the ship
Will soon reach her port, is his song, &c.

Vers'd in quirks and in quibbles,
The lawyer he scribbles,
And moves his mellifluous tongue;
'Twixt demur and vacation,
He'll raise expectation,
Then sink your estate to a song, &c.

The merchant is bent
On his twenty per cent,
To him journal and ledger belong;
Commission with charges,
His profit enlarges,
Till his balance may end in a song, &c.

With powder and lace,
And effeminate face,
The gay fop behold strutting along;
Just arriv'd from his travels,
At nothing he levels,
But just a dance and a song, &c.

The gentle coquet,
She's all in a fret,
In the morn if her toilet be wrong;
The whole day she will pass
To consult her dear glass,
And at night die away with a song, &c.

The surly old prude,
She will say you are rude,
For the bliss tho' she secretly long;

But take her aside,
You may manage her pride,
And her virtue bring down to a song, &c.

The courtier he smiles,
At the time he beguiles,
And feeds you with promises long :
He squeezes your hand,
And calls you his friend,
Tho' he means nothing more than a song, &c.

Then let us be jolly,
Drive hence melancholy,
Since we are brave fellows among :
Taste life as it passes,
And fill up our glasses,
And each honest blade sing a song,
A song, a song,
And each honest blade sing a song, &c.

S O N G.

THE SAILORS VICTORY.

A Soldier and a Sailor,
A Tinker and a Taylor,
Had once a doubtful strife, Sir,
To make a maid a wife, Sir,
Whose name was buxom *Joan*.
For now the time was ended,
When she no more intended
To lick her lips at men, Sir,
Or gnaw the sheets in vain, Sir,
Or lie o' nights alone.

The

A

No co
No an

The Soldier swore by thunder,
 He lov'd her more than plunder,
 And shew'd her many a scar, Sir,
 That he had brought from far, Sir,
 With fighting for her sake ;
 The taylor thought to please her
 With offering her his measure.
 The Tinker too with metal,
 Said he would mend her kettle,
 And stop up ev'ry leak.

But while these three were prating,
 The Sailor sily waiting,
 Thought if it came about, Sir,
 That they should all fall out, Sir,
 He then might play his part.
 And just e'en as he meant, Sir,
 To loggerheads they went, Sir,
 And then he let fly at her,
 A shot 'twixt wind and water,
 That won this fair maid's heart.

S O N G.

THE COBLER'S END.

A Cobler there was and he liv'd in a stall,
 Which serv'd him for parlour, for kitchen,
 and hall,
 No coin in his pocket, nor care in his pate,
 No ambition had he, nor duns at his gate.
Derry down, down, down, &c.

Contented he work'd and he thought himself happy
If at night he could purchase a cup of brown nappy,
He'd laugh then and whistle, and sing too most
sweet

Saying just to a hair I've made both ends meet.

Derry down, down, &c.

But love the disturber of high and of low,
That shoots at the peasant as well as the beau,
He shot the poor cobbler quite thorough the heart
I wish it had hit some more ignoble part.

Derry down, down, &c.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,
Where a buxom young damsel continually lay,
Her eyes shone so bright when she rose ev'ry day,
That she shot the poor cobbler quite over the way.

Derry down, down, &c.

He sung her love songs as he sat at his work,
But she was as hard as a Jew, or a Turk,
When ever he spoke she would flounce and would
flee,

Which put the poor cobbler quite into despair.

Derry down, down, &c.

He took up his awl that he had in the world,
And to make away with himself was resolv'd .
He pierc'd thro' his body instead of the sole,
So the cobbler he dy'd and the bell it did toll.

Derry down, down, &c.

And now in good will I advise as a friend,
All cobblers take notice of this cobbler's end,
Keep your hearts out of love, for we find by what's
past,

That love brings us all to an end at the last.

Derry down, down, &c.

GUA
F

I can free
The Su

And the m

With w

For life w

An old

Of—

All the

The black

That danc

There's

Bra' John

Frae Scotl

In penn

A pilgrim

A foe to—

The fou

Of all day

When t

And the m

When all i

By the f

A scullion

A pudding

All in the

The stream

S O N G.

The Medley, or a Dish of all Sorts.

GUARDIAN angels now protect me—
 From the man that I love, tho' my heart I
 disguise,

I can freely distinguish—

The Sun from the East, tips the mountain with
 gold,

And the meadows all spangled—

With woman and wine, I defy ev'ry care,
 For life without these, is—

An old song made by an ancient old pate,
 Of——

All the girls within the town,
 The black, the fair, the red, the brown,
 That dance and prance it up and down,

There's none like——

Bra' John O'Bute, was a bonny muckle man,
 Frae Scotland he came——

In pennance for past folly,

A pilgrim blythe and jolly,

A foe to——

'The four and twentieth day of May,

Of all days in the year, fir,

When the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be seen,

And the meadows their verdure have lost ;

When all nature, disrob'd of her mantle of green,—

By the side of a great kitchen fire,

A scullion complaining was laid ;

A pudding was——

All in the Downs, the fleet was moor'd,

The streamers waving in the wind,

When

When black-ey'd Sufan came on board,
Oh ! where shall I my true-love find :
Tell me——

John Anderson my Jo, John, I wonder what you
mean,

To rise so soon at morning, to sit so late at e'en,—

The clock had struck, I can't tell what,

And morning came on too, as grey as a rat ;

Cocks and hens from their roosts did fly,

Grunting pigs too leave their sty ;

Down in a vale, Ciss with her pail,

Met her true love dapper Harry,

First they kist, then shook fist,

And look'd like——

A certain presbyterian pair,

Was wedded 'tother day

And when the lambs were laid in bed,

The pastor came to pray——

Then sy let us a' to the wedding,

For there will be liltin'——

There was once it was said ;

But it's out of my head ;

And more so, yet true is my tale,

That a——

A taylor good lord ! in the time of vacation,

When cabbage was scarce, and when pocket was
low

For the sake of good liquor pretended a passion

To one that sold ale in a cuckoldly row,

Sing in and out, thro' a clout, whilst he was able ;

Prick a louse, prick a louse, what could he do ?

Now a louse made him itch, here a scratch, there a
stitch ;

And sing cucumber ! cucumber !——

I'm old mad Tom, behold me ;

My wits are quite unfram'd ;

I'm mad

Nor ho

Jupiter w

th

He's a foo

The worl

And life's

Like this

Which ap

From sorr

No morta

Then whi

And alwa

Look roun

As odd for

The young

gay

All strang

Ye droll so

Laugh on,

And you t

Then take

I Love yo

They

When you

They'll

I'm

I'm mad I'm sure, and past all cure,
 Nor hope to be reclaim'd—
 Jupiter wench and drinks, he rules the roast in
 the sky,
 He's a fool if he thinks,—

The world is a jumble of nonsense and fun,
 And life's run away with, 'ere 'tis well begun;
 Like this motly song, 'tis the farce of a day,
 Which aptly concludes with a *tal de ral la*.

From sorrow to mirth, we inconstantly range,
 No mortal on earth, but is fond of a change;
 Then while you have fun, I advise you make hay,
 And always make sure of your *tal de ral la*.

Look round in the world and you'll constantly find,
 As odd sort of couples as ever I bind:
 The young weds the old, and the grave takes the
 gay;
 All strangers to mirth, and it's *tal de ral la*.

Ye droll sort of mortals who laugh at my song,
 Laugh on, and be thankful you're not in the wrong:
 And you that are sad, know the dog has his day,
 Then take a full swing at your *tal de ral la*.

S O N G.

The whimsical Lover.

I Love you for your squinting eyes,
 They'll breed no jealousy;
 When you perhaps on others look,
 They'll think you look on me.

I love you for your sparrow mouth,
For in an am'rous close,
There's room on either side to kiss,
And ne'er offend the nose.

I love you for your pudding waist ;
If you a taylor lack,
We need not send to France for him,
We'll fit you with a sack.

I love you for your copper nose,
The feature's ne'er the worse ;
I find the metal in the face,
You wanted in the purse.

I love you for your rotten teeth,
A fine new fancy'd grace,
You wear black patches in the mouth,
'Tis common on the face.

I love you for your blubber lips,
In them I thrift propose,
Fit dripping-pans they're for your eyes,
And save-alls for your nose.

A love SONG in low Life.

BY the side of a green stagnant pool,
Brick-dust Nan she sat scratching her head,
Black matted locks frizzled her scull,
As bristles the hedge hog bespread ;
While the wind toss'd her tatters abroad,
Her ashy-bronz'd beauties reveal'd ;
A link-boy to her, thro' the mud,
Bare-footed, flew over the field.

As vern
As ca
So begg
And

To a H
With
She slutt
He fil

On her
No to
T'other
Like
Jack dre
Then
He scoul
And f

" Oh, r
This p
" Not t
" As
O ! my J
And g
In a dust
Aye bl

Full as
To th
To finis
To a
While ra
And c
Undaunt
Fatigu
-1011

As vermin on vermin delight,
 As carrion best suits the crow's taste,
 So beggars and bunters unite,
 And swine-like on dirt make a feast :
 To a Hottentot offals have charms,
 With garbage their bosoms they deck;
 She sluttishly open'd her arms,
 He filthily fell on her neck.

On her flabby breasts one hand he plac'd,
 No towels these breasts ever tease,
 T'other fist grip'd her stays-wanting waist,
 Like ladies, she dress'd for her ease :
 Jack drew forth his quid, and he swore ;
 Then his lower lip charg'd to the brim ;
 He scoul'd, like a lewd grunting boar,
 And squinting, she leer'd upon him.

" Oh, my love, thof I cannot well jaw,"
 This pleyer at play-house began, I
 " Not tobacco's so sweet to the chaw,
 " As to kifs is the lips of my Nan."
 O ! my Jack, cries the mud-colour'd she,
 And gave him some rib-squeezing hugs,
In a dust-hole I'd cuddle with thee,
Aye blast me ! tho' bit by the bugs.

Full as black as themselves, now the sky
 To the South of the hemisphere lour'd,
 To finish love's feast in the dry,
 To a stable they hastily scour'd,
 While rats round them hungry explor'd,
 And cobwebs their canopy grace,
 Undaunted on litter they snor'd,
 Fatigu'd with dirt, drink, and embrace.

SONG.

S O N G.

A Burletta.

RECITATIVO.

VERE is mine lose, mine pretty Dammofoina,
Dat she no come to make mine shirt look
cleaner ?

Vat is the reason she no come before,
To mend my preeches, vish so much are tore?

AIR.

(To the tune of, *Dearest creature of all nature.*)

Dammofoina,
Neat and clean a,
O my losely beauteous las,
Put some stiches
In mine preeches,
Or de folks—vill see mine a—se.
Or de folks, &c.

Bring some soap to wash and scower,
And some starch, or else some flour ;
Haste, O haste, mine losly fair,
Vile I curl and pinch my air.

Dammofoina neat, &c.

Vid mine fiddel I'll delight ye,
Music charms will sure invite ye,
Come, O come, mine Dammofoina,
To your faithful *Catguttina*.

Oh ! O — — — !

Dammofoina neat, &c.

RECIT.

Vas ever
Vat must
But hark
Come in

Eh !

If

I vil

I'll

I'll

I'll

I he

V

V

By gar m
For ven l

Come c

Here

And va

For a

Den make

And

And

RECITATIVO.

Vas ever man before in such a plight :
Vat must I do? to-night is op'ra night—
But hark!—I hear her knocking at de door,
Come in you little, pretty, faucy ore.

ITALIAN AIR. *She.*

Eh! Seignior vat you call a me?
If you say such vorts encore,
I vill so cuff and maul ye,
I'll teach you call me ore,
I'll teach you call me ore,
I'll teach you, &c.
I heard you say so just as I
Vas coming at de door,
Vas coming at de door.

RECITATIVO. *He.*

By gar mine angels I was but in jest,
For ven I call you ore—I lose you best.

ITALIAN AIR.

Come den my Dammoſeina,
Here take my roſel'd ſhirt,
And waſh it nice and clean a,
For ah! 'tis black as dirt;
Den make mine preeches whole and tight,
And I will—kifs you for't.
And I will—kifs you for't.

SONG.

S O N G.

THE MILITARY LANGOLEE.

THE Parli'ment in its great wisdom assembled,
Resolv'd upon making old Ireland's trade
free,

The point being debated, the ladies all trembled,
Lest their swain they should lose, in dear Langolee.

Langolee! a free trade's in motion,
Each soft fighting maiden will have her lov'd potion,
'Twill brace her much tighter than Goulard's fam'd
lotion,

The rare Irish extract from Langolee.

From the Nore up to London each bank of the
Thames is,

O'erspread with fair nymphs the dear stranger to see,
In country, and city, and e'en at St. James's,
Their talk noon and night, is of Langolee,
Langolee! what numbers will sue to him,
Open ports and clear harbours they all know are due
to him,

And Cupid's fair pilots will ever be true to him;
For a fav'rite of fortune is Langolee.

In Germany, Flanders, Spain, Holland, and Russia,
When war calls aloud, he is sure for to be,
Like Charles, the Twelfth, or the fam'd King of
Prussia,

Posts of danger best suit with fierce Langolee,
Langolee! to rush forward his trade is,
For Venus, or Mars, he a resolute blade is,
And ne'er turns his back on the foe, or the ladies,
For a soldier of fortune is Langolee.

In

In the ar
And fit f
If the fo
mou
The first
Langolee
Their ab
And a br
Such the

WH
She finds
Yet kno

Now ripe
Her sw
Old maid
But Mi

If pale an
Seems f
In vain is
'Tis thi

Let maide
'Gainst

In the army a volunteer always he's counted,
And fit for an action, whatever it be ;
If the foe's to be charged, or the breach to be
mounted,

The first upon duty is Langolee,
Langolee ! their works he will shatter,
Their abbatis and chevaux-de-frise too he'll tatter,
And a breach he can equally stop up or batter,
Such the art militaire of fam'd Langolee.

S O N G.

Tune—*Dusky Night.*

WHEN first a maid within her breast
Perceives the subtle flame,
She finds a something break her rest,
Yet knows not whence it came.

A husband 'tis she wants.

Now riper grown, at sight of man
Her swelling bosom glows ;
Old maid's may say, the sex trepan,
But Miss much better knows.

A husband 'tis she wants.

If pale and wan the drooping fair
Seems sinking to her grave ;
In vain is medicinal care,
'Tis this alone can save.

A husband 'tis I mean.

Let maidens stale their doctrine preach,
'Gainst what like us they love ;

For

For trust me they the same would teach,
If they the same could have.

A husband 'tis I mean.

Then on, dear girls, and boldly prove
There's truth in what I say;
Let Hymen take the torch of love,
And gild each happy day.

A husband 'tis I mean.

S O N G.

THE CHOICE SPIRIT'S LOTTERY.

YE national schemers a while give me leave,
A scheme I'll advance that shall no one de-
ceive ;

No humbug I mean, set on foot by the great,
Tho' a lottery's my scheme—it is not of state.

No—— your tickets divide into shares,
To plunder your pockets and heighten your cares,
No blanks to depress you come in my design,
The wheel is good humour, the prize is—good wine

From a scheme such as this, what delight must
accrue

To a people who always give Bacchus his due.
Choice god of the grape, by thy virtues inspir'd,
The cause I'll relate you, so justly admired.

'Tis wine gives that freedom we always maintain,
The slave fill'd with claret despises his chain ;
'Tis wine gives us wit, and ennobles our sense,
And aids fancy's flight as new spirits commence.

The her
The lov
The pre
Replete

Then ou
You are
Apollo a
To take

Let the
To be h
Ye sons
The who
priz

Ye lover
Leave yo
find
Old and
This ev'

N
Had lo
To
To
One su
He
And a
He
He

The hero aspires to conquest and arms,
 The lover despises his mistress's charms ;
 The preacher delivers his precepts so fine,
 Replete with the pow'r giving juice of the vine.

Then our lottery attend, all who love frisk and fun,
 You are sure of a prize, for no more than a crown :
 Apollo and Bacchus here jointly agree
 To take off the hip, and renew you with glee.

Let the vot'ry of Plutus, who values his pelf,
 To be happy for once—steal a crown from himself ;
 Ye sons of the turf, leave your tricking and lies,
 The whole course is a blank—here you're sure of a prize.

Ye lovers, ye fops, or whoever may please,
 Leave your fighting and care, here you'll quickly
 find ease ;
 Old and young, great and little, attend to my call,
 This ev'ning we draw, Sir, at—Comus's hall.

S O N G.

THE CHAMBERMAID.

NOT far from town, a country 'squire,
 An open-hearted blade,
 Had long confess'd a strong desire
 To kiss the chamber-maid,
 To kiss the chamber-maid ;
 One summer's noon, quite full of glee,
 He led her to the shade,
 And all beneath the mulb'ry-tree,
 He kiss'd the chamber-maid,
 He kiss'd the chamber-maid.

The parson's spouse, from window high,
 The am'rous pair survey'd,
 And softly wish'd, none can deny,
 She'd been the chamber-maid ;
 When all was o'er, poor Betty cry'd,
 Kind Sir, I'm much afraid,
 That woman there will tell your bride,
 You've kiss'd her chamber-maid.

The 'squire conceiv'd a lucky thought,
 That she might not upbraid,
 And instantly the lady brought,
 Where he had kiss'd her maid ;
 Then all beneath the mulb'ry-tree
 Her ladyship was laid
 And three times sweetly kiss'd was she,
 Just like her chamber-maid.

Next morning came the parson's wife,
 For scandal was her trade,
 I saw your 'squire, ma'am, on my life,
 Great with your chamber-maid.
 When, cry'd the lady, where and how ?
 I'll soon discharge the jade :
 Beneath the mulb'ry-tree, I vow,
 He kiss'd your chamber-maid.

This falshood, cry'd her ladyship,
 Shall not my spouse degrade,
 'Twas I chanc'd there to make a slip,
 And not my chamber-maid :
 Both parties parted in a pet,
 Not trusting what was said,
 And Betty keeps her service yet,
 The pretty chamber-maid.

SONG.

For

COME
 Eat,
 ea, let us
 For 'tis a

a time of
 Tobac
 low could
 How c

ea, how c
 And eke
 ea, how c
 To make

or till tob
 As well a
 all surely
 Did sit al

ut now th
 Be light
 and hencef
 Who first

S O N G,

For a Church-warden's or Parish Feast.

Tune—Chevy Chace.

COME let us all, with one accord,
Eat, drink, smoke, laugh, and sing;
Yea, let us make our hearts right glad,
For 'tis a pleasant thing.

Chorus. For 'tis a pleasant thing.

A time of old, when punch was not,
Tobacco, nor strong-beer,
How could men pass their time away?
How could they find good cheer?

Cho. How could, &c.

Yea, how could they in heart be glad,
And eke with tongue rejoice?
Yea, how could they well tune their minds
To make a joyful noise?

Cho. To make, &c.

Or till tobacco, punch, and beer,
As well as wine, they had,
All surely they, whene'er they met,
Did sit all sober sad.

Cho. Did sit, &c.

But now that we those things possess,
Be light and glad each heart,
And henceforth deem him an outcast
Who first inclines to start.

Cho. Who first, &c.
Yea,

E

NG.

Yea, whosoe'er he be that is
In haste to go away,
E'en as a gentile him we'll treat,
For ever and for aye.

Cho. For ever, &c.

Therefore take heed, all ye who've heard
The words which are just past :
And now it resteth *for* to say,
Thus endeth stave the last.

Cho. Thus endeth stave the last.

S O N G.

FOOLS ALL.

Tune—*Tantararara masks all.*

SINCE folly still keeps up it's force, far and near,
A few foolish lines on the subject pray hear ;
A subject extensive, for, search the globe round,
You'll find not a spot but where fools do abound.
Sing tantararara fools all, fools all,
Sing tantararara fools all.

Dame Eve was first fool'd by old Nick, and then
madam

A fool made, you know, of our forefather, Adam ;
Hence, both being fools, no dispute it can need,
To prove that from fools only fools could proceed.

Sing tantararara, &c.

He

who was call'd wife, whom queen Bathsheba bore
 when he had men, women, and things, study'd o'er,
 concubines fool'd more than well can be utter'd.
 All's nought but meer vanity," then the fool
 sputter'd. Sing tantararara, &c.

and Socrates, who was declar'd, by Apollo,
 wisdom to beat all his countrymen hallow,
 then told it, the hen-peck'd old sage did reply,—
 know I'm a fool, there my wisdom does lie.
 Sing tantararara, &c.

the traders, that fools of their customers make,
 who through their fair words bad commodities take,
 then in the Gazette with a "whereas" display'd,
 turn, find that fools of themselves they have made
 Sing tantararara, &c.

the methodist, with his lank hair, and pinch'd
 jaws,
 takes fools of the mob which about him he draws,
 who cry, for our sakes how he wears out himself,
 all too late they find how they're drain'd of their
 pelf. Sing tantararara, &c.

the coquettish jilt, with her fine airs and graces,
 takes fools of her dangles to all the gay places,
 when wrinkles come, on a shelf the fool's laid,
 rejected by more fools than those whom she made.
 Sing tantararara, &c.

his precept's assented to by ev'ry voice,—
 whoe'er is dispos'd to make wisdom his choice,
 must first see his folly,—from which you'll agree
 all of us folly inherent must be.

Sing tantararara, &c.
 And

And now, to shew how complaisant I can be,
I thank you for list'ning thus kindly to me,
'Tho' some would fools deem you for list'ning so
long,

To hear a fool sing such a dull foolish song.
Sing tantararara fools all, fools all,
Sing tantararara fools all.

S O N G,

GUESS THE REST.

Tune—*Country Lasses.*

LET others with indecent songs,
To please some folks make trial,
This company, I'm pretty sure,
To such would give denial;
Therefore, to shun what some may think
Not fit to be express'd,
I'll stop, e'er I each stanza end,
And let you guess the rest

As Hodge one day a maying went
With Dolly of the Green,
'Mongst other things, he said to her,
When you *was* May-day queen;
Odzooks, you so delighted me
That fain I would request
Free leave with you to toy and kiss,—
And—you can guess the rest.

Lord BNT

Lord, Hodge, said Doll, I *knows* as how,
 You men are false and fickle,
 And *makes* your brags that, with love tales,
 Our easy hearts you tickle.—
 Give me your hand, said Hodge, and now,
 To prove I's not in jest,
 If you'll consent, I'll buy the ring,—
 And you can guess the rest.

You *knows* full well that *seyther* left
 Me sheep and cows a many,
 With ploughs, and teams, and money, too,
 Against a day that's rainy.
 On this, said Doll, my dame's consent
 To gain do but your best,
 I'll then,—but I need say no more,
 For you can guess the rest.

Then both away to dame did trudge,
 And thus young Hodge besought her,—
 I's come to ask for your consent
 To let me have your daughter.—
 But dame, in tartish mood, reply'd,
 To say no more you'd best;
 And now, my mind being partly known,
 You both may guess the rest.

Come, come, said Hodge, you must consent,
 Because we *loves* each other.—
 Ay! ay! said dame; but what says Doll?
 Oh that we do, dear mother.
 Dame then reply'd, since things are so,
 To part you 'twere a jest,
 So now we'll fix the wedding-day,—
 And you may guess the rest.

The wedding was soon after kept,
 With feasting, mirth, and dancing,
 And dame herself, though old and lame,
 Among them would be prancing.
 At length the mirth and feasting o'er,
 The couple being undress'd,
 They bedded were, the stocking thrown,—
 But prithee guess the rest.

S O N G.

THE SCOLD.

SOME women take delight in dress,
 And some in cards take pleasure,
 Whilst others place their happiness
 In heaping hoards of treasure;
 In private some delight to kiss,
 Their hidden charms unfolding,
 But all mistake their sov'reign bliss,
 There's no such joy as scolding.

The instant that I ope my eyes,
 Adieu all day to silence,
 Before my neighbours they can rise,
 They hear my tongue a mile hence;
 When at the board I take my seat,
 'Tis one continued riot,
 I eat and scold, and scold and eat,
 My clack is never quiet.

The

Too fat, too lean, too hot, too cold,
 I ever am complaining ;
 Too raw, too roast, too young, too old,
 Each guest at table paining ;
 Let it be fowl, or flesh, or fish,
 Though of my own providing,
 I still find fault with every dish,
 Still every servant chiding.

But when to bed I go at night,
 I surely fall a weeping,
 For then I lose my great delight,
 How can I scold when sleeping ?
 But this my pain doth mitigate,
 And soon disperses sorrow,
 Altho' to-night it be too late,
 I'll pay it off to-morrow.

S O N G.

THE WHEELBARROW.

A Cantata.

AS Porter Will along St. Paul's did move,
 Deprest by weighty load, but more by love,
 By chance the fair Cerissa there he found,
 Crying her fine heart cherries, round and sound ;
 Will, joyous, instant pitch'd, then strait carefs'd her,
 And leaning o'er her barrow, thus address'd her :

Thy lips are cherries, sweeter far,
 Than those which in the barrow are,
 With such a store of charms, 'tis well
 You may have stolen hearts to sell.
 With such a store, &c.

My dear Cerissa too you know,
 You stole it from me long ago ;
 And now I stop to ask of thee,
 To give it back, or marry me,
 To give it back, &c.

Cerissa, archly leering as he spoke,
 While all the cherries blush'd upon her cheek,
 The mellowest fruit, unnotic'd, cull'd apace,
 And sent, like thunder, at his doleful face ;
 Then grasp'd her barrow, trundled soft along,
 And looking round at Will, triumphant sung :

Shall I, possess of all these charms,
 Sleep nightly in a porter's arms ;
 Ambitious soul, detest such scum,
 And sigh for conquests yet to come.
 Fair youths my sov'reign pow'r shall feel,
 Ten thousand hearts I'll daily steal ;

And beautiful nymphs shall envious see
 Crown'd heads and dukes submit to me,
 Submit to me, submit to me,
 Crown'd heads and dukes submit to me.

S O N G.

THE DUST CART.

A Cantata.

AS tink'ring Tom thro' the streets his trade did
 cry,
 He saw his lovely Sylvia passing by,

In

In dust cart high-advanc'd, the nymph was plac'd,
 With the rich cinders round her lovely waist :
 Tom, with uplifted hands, th' occasion blest'd,
 And thus, in soothing strains, the maids address'd ;

O Sylvia! while you drive your cart
 To pick up dust, you steal our hearts,
 You take up dust, and steal our hearts:
 That mine is gone, alas! 'tis true,
 And dwells among the dust with you,
 And dwells among the dust with you:
 Ah! lovely Sylvia, ease my pain,
 Give me my heart you stole again;
 Give me my heart, out of your cart,
 Give me my heart you stole again.

Sylvia, advanc'd above the rabble rout,
 Exulting, roll'd her sparkling eyes about;
 She heav'd her swelling breast as black as floe,
 And look'd disdain on little folks below:
 To Tom she nodded as the cart drew on,
 And then, resolv'd to speak, she cry'd, stop, John.

Shall I, who ride above the rest,
 Be by a paltry croud oppress'd?
 Ambition now my soul does fire,
 The youths shall languish and admire;
 And ev'ry girl with anxious heart,
 Shall long to ride, long to ride,
 Long to ride, in my dust cart:
 And ev'ry girl with anxious heart,
 Shall long to ride in my dust cart,
 Shall long to ride in my dust cart.

S O N G.

THE TURNSPIT,

A Cantata.

AS on cricket low, by fire-side, fat John,
 To turn the spit, and baste the meat thereon.
 Oily emission did his face o'erflow,
 Drooping at chin as house with thawing snow:
 Cumber'd with love of Doll, who sat hard by,
 Culling salubrious fruit to make a pye,
 His flame emerg'd, which long in embryo laid,
 Neglects the spit, and thus address'd the maid:

Inferior sweets the bees exhale
 From fertile lawn or flow'ry dale,
 To thy unequal charms,
 To thy unequal charms;
 Thy luscious lips and cheeks disclose
 The blooming pink, and blushing rose;
 O fold me in thy arms!
 O fold me in thy arms!

Earth cannot our pleasures divide,
 When John is a bridegroom, and Doll is his bride;
 Whatever's thy humour, I'll never say nay,
 Our nights spend in pleasure, nor discord by day.
 Our nights spend in pleasure, &c.

Doll, with indignant rage assaults the swain,
 Confus'd her passion, like the rapid main;
 At length, impetuous to the scull'ry flies,
 The ladle wields, and thus exulting cries;
 Presumptuous fool, no longer sing elate,
 Nor with such music woo me for thy mate;
 Dlythe as the feather'd race, born to be free,
 I live then, listen to my will's decree;

Were m

The ma

Shall I,

Shall I,

John

Whil

But s

He to

Resol

With

Th

Th

He

I

He

I

ATa
 W
 clau

Were men as scarce as diamonds are, but seldom to
 be found,
 The maiden state I'd calmly bear, ere to such lout
 be bound;
 Shall I, whom footmen often woo, stoop to a clumsy
 wretch like you?
 Shall I, whom footmen often woo, &c.

John stood aghast, his head despondent hung,
 While fear confin'd the efforts of his tongue;
 But soon as reason had resum'd her reign,
 He took his seat, and turn'd the spit again;
 Resolv'd no more the maiden to invoke,
 With mimic accent thus his mind he broke:

The kids that crop the verdant lawn,
 The larks that climb the sky,
 The bleating lamb, the dapple fawn
 Are not more blythe than I.

Henceforth content shall crown my brow,
 Releas'd from ev'ry nuptial vow;
 Henceforth content shall crown my brow,
 Releas'd from ev'ry nuptial vow.

S O N G,

THE TAYLOR AND SEMPSTRESS.

Simile Simili gaudet.

A Taylor there was, and he liv'd in a garret,
 Who ne'er in his days tasted champagne or
 claret;

E 6

With

With high soups, or ragouts, he never was fed,
But cabbage, believe me, was his daily bread.

Derry down, &c.

His work he pursu'd without any repining,
When bless'd with a pint of *three-threads* for his
lining;

'Till Cupid, whose arrows most cruelly treat us,
With a Sempstres's *bodkin* destroy'd his *quietus*.

Derry down, &c.

No longer a *birth-night* affords any pleasure,
His *patterns* lie scatter'd, in tatters his *measure*;
His *bills* he contrives not with *items* to swell;
Silk, twist, tape, and buckram, he damns them to
hell.

Derry down, &c.

Cupid, pitying his case, at length flew to his aid,
And help'd him to *sne-draw* the hole he had made;
He bade him be bold, and not stand like a mute,
Who e'er finish'd without first beginning a *suit*?

Derry down, &c.

He visits the Sempstres with aukward address,
Protests on her kindness *hung* his happiness;
But she scornfully sneer'd at his speeches and wheedle,
For she, lack a day, was as sharp as a *needle*.

Derry down, &c.

He told her on hon'able terms he was come,
And begg'd he might soon be inform'd of his doom;
Unless she'd consent to be shortly his wife,
The Fates *shears* would soon cut off his *remnant* of
life.

Derry down, &c.

Do

Do you t
sp

One who
Advance
A taylor

The taylor
And ma
p
A woma
Was ju

When t
h
For her
Tho' to
She mig

As she v
And fwo
t
Tho' fm
That (I

Away h
Nor app
None b
For cro

Do you think, cry'd the Sempstrefs, I'll take for a
spouse

One whom no one esteems three *skips* of a louse?

Advance in your favour whatever you can,

A taylor is but the ninth part of a man.

Derry down, &c.

The taylor proceeded with lying, entreating,
And making such speeches which scarce bear re-
peating;

A woman unmarried was useless, he said;

Was just like a *needle without any thread.*

Derry down, &c.

When the priest should have tack'd them together
he cry'd,

For her palate, when dainty, he'd nicely provide;

Tho' to turkies and capons he could not aspire,

She might always be sure of a *goose* at the *fire*.

Derry down, &c.

As she work'd he commended her fingers so nimble,
And swore that her eyes were more bright than her
thimble;

Tho' small was his wit, he so acted his part,

That (I know not how 'was) he *cabbag'd* her heart.

Derry down, &c.

Away hand in hand to the chapel they went,
Nor appear'd in her visage the least discontent;
None but death could the conjugal knot have un-
ty'd:

For *cross-legg'd* together they sat 'till they dy'd.

S O N G.

S O N G.

THE ORANGE WENCH.

Tune, What cheer my honest messmates.

AS learing black-ey'd playhouse *Sal*,
 A plump and forward wench,
 With basket hanging on her arm,
 Was tripping o'er each bench :
 In notes so shrill her trade she cry'd,
 To tempt the beaux and belles ;
 " Will you have some oranges, or chips,
 " Or else some nonpareils."

Young Buck observ'd the squalling nymph,
 And as she scudded by,
 He seiz'd her foot, and prais'd it much,
 But slipp'd his hand too high ;
 The girl to freedoms such as these
 Had been accusom'd long,
 So let him go where'er he pleas'd,
 Nor thought him in the wrong.

Down by his side her seat she took,
 In hopes her fruit to sell ;
 And practis'd all her female arts ;
 She knew her bus'ness well.
 And while one hand at liberty
 Her hidden charms enjoy'd,
 In rummaging the basket thro'
 The other was employ'd.

He chose an orange from the rest,
 " My dear, what is the price ?"
 " 'Tis sixpence, sir ; for one so fine
 " That hardly will suffice.

" I

" I carry
 " But
 " Then h
 " You"

I
 Sw
 W
 Sta
 Be
 W
 Hi
 An
 Bu
 Ne
 W
 Bu
 Ki
 A
 Fu
 An
 O

" I carry no commodities
 " But what are fit for use;
 " Then have it, sir, and take my word
 " You'll find it full of juice."

S O N G.

THE PILGRIM.

From the original Italian.

IN penance for past folly,
 A pilgrim blythe and jolly,
 Sworn foe to melancholy,
 Set out strange lands to see;
 With cockle shells on hat brim,
 Staff, beads, and scrip, in that trim,
 Befitting of a pilgrim,
 Begging for charity.

With unshod feet he traces
 His way thro' wilds and chaces,
 And sundry dismal places,
 In hopes some roof to see;
 But when that he could find
 No house nor hut to go to,
 Was ever pilgrim put so
 To it for charity.

But now, when most dejected,
 Kind heaven, when least expected
 A maiden's steps directed,

Whence come you, sir, says she,
 Full many a weary step, sweet,
 And all with these poor bare feet,
 O could I by your help, meet
 Lodging for charity.

With

With courteous voice and accent,
 Says she, I see your quite spent,
 Yet what I say is well meant,
 Pray lodge to-night with me.
 This favour is excessive ;
 No speeches, fir, while I live,
 If I have aught I can give,
 'Tis given in charity.

He ey'd her charms whilst eating,
 And call'd her love and sweeting,
 And many a tender greeting,
 So kind a heart had he,
 Kind fir, says she, you're tir'd,
 'Tis time you were retir'd,
 Nor beds nor rooms are hir'd,
 But lent in charity.

My tenement is brittle,
 And is, I fear too little,
 It fits me to a tittle,
 So in at once went he,
 Through many a town and city
 I've been, and O ! the pity,
 Ne'er met a room so pretty,
 Nor so much charity.

Nine days he past in clover,
 So well he play'd the lover ;
 She thought it too soon over,
 And will you go ? said she.
 But, gentle pilgrim, should you
 Return, you know I would do
 As much as woman could do,
 To shew my charity.

NO

Lads, li
To the'Tis Ve
In Cup
As fair
Here's

Come,

May we
And th
May weThe w
Like hi
The lo
For he,Ye spor
Call th

S O N G.

THE GENERAL TOAST.

NOW *Europe* enjoys a repose from her wars,
 And fair-fac'd commanders sleep fearless of
 fears,
 Lads, list under *Love*, and your lessons I'll teach,
 To the breast-work advance, and then batter in
 breach,

Sing tantararara, toast all.

'Tis *Venus* commands, for engagement prepare,
 In *Cupid's* campaign our foes are all fair ;
 As fair let us fight, and make proper seizure ;
 Here's success to our ensign, *the Standard of Pleasure.*

Come, my lads, to your lips the brimming glass
 lift,

May we never want *courage* when put to a *shift* !
 And that we may never of happiness miss,
 May we kiss where we please, and please where we
 kiss !

The *wish of the sportsman* shall next be recounted,
 Like him, each fair lady loves well to be mounted ;
 The lover in his toast has likewise a share,
 For he, huntsman like, is for seizing the *hare*.

Ye sportsmen, whose stomachs for feeding are fit,
 Call the *cook* here, I'll give you *four hams on one*
spit ;

And

And lest you should think yourselves not fully fitted,
*Here's the meat that best bastes itself, when 'tis best
spitted.*

Come, my lads, once again let your glasses be
feiz'd,

*Here's the eye that weeps most, when 'tis best and most
pleas'd ;*

And still to go on with the favourite theme,
Here's to dying virginity, unction extreme.

May our mistresses always be pleas'd to receive,
And carefully save what we bountiful give,
And (when keeping time) to depart we are ready,
May our dying be happy, revival be speedy !

One health more, my brave boys, with your leaves
I must teach,

*In view let's have pleasure, but ne'er out of reach :
Here's the nest in the bush, and the bush's best friend,
The bird who his life in that nest loves to spend.*

Let's now toast some females ; the first my muse
greet,

*Is the Bookbinder's wife, that well stitches in sheets.
Next, the brown female reaper, who tight keeps her
hand in,*

So well does her work not a handful leaves standing.

Here's the miller's wife's music, worth all other
tones,

*When the sluice is set open, and strong grind the stones.
Call the maker of baskets, his wife's worth a bottle,
She'll strip the bark down, and yet safe keep the wattle.*

To

To th
Who
Here
And

Here
To kee
And
Who t

The y
The e
But, o
Is the

Now a
Since

Here's
And m

Remen
So whi
Joy is a
Here's

A
Whose f

To the *lads* who's lamb-like, be a bumper replete,
 Who still wags her tail, as she tastes of the teat,
 Here's the coal-hole of Cupid, may ev'ry buck win it!
 And to all, equal joy in the critical minute.

Here's the *nicest* house-maid, who still on her guard,
 To keep the stones clean, and well scower the yard;
 And her architect sister, the joy of the people,
 Who the stones can replace, tho' she pull down the steeple.

The young female chymist, by natural heat,
 The essence of life from such quarters can get,
 But, of all the fair females, the girl I most prize,
 Is the skilful fur'd female, the judge of a—size.

Now a truce with our toasts; no one more I'll name,
 Since we've enter'd the lists to protect *love's black*
game.

Here's the centry, who keeps at the cockpit command;
 And naked at midnight, uncover'd with stand.

Remember, lads, life is but a summer's short day,
 So while our youth shines, let us joyous make hay:
 Joy is all that we live for, let's equally share it;
 Here's the *harvest* of life, love, wit, and good claret.

S O N G,

THE TWITCHER.

A Damsel I'm told
 Of a delicate mold,
 Whose father was dead to enrich her,

Of all her fine things,
Lace, ribbons and rings,
Priz'd nothing so much as her twitcher,
Poor girl!
Priz'd nothing, &c.

The youths all around,
With courtship profound
Try'd every art to bewitch her;
But she was so chaste,
She'd not be embrac'd
By any thing else but her twitcher,
Poor girl!
By any thing, &c.

Each offer'd his pelf
In exchange for herself,
If to him the Parson might stich her;
But still she reply'd,
She'd never be ty'd,
To any thing else but her twitcher,
Poor girl!
To any thing, &c.

But Cupid grown wild
To see himself foil'd,
Resolv'd to find ways to bewitch her,
And humble her pride
Whatever betide,
He scorn'd to give way to the twitcher,
Poor girl!
He scorn'd, &c.

Brisk

Brisk
Wh
Was ba
Th
To
And try
And try
Yo
An
Try'd k
He
Bu
Pish! l
Pish! l
Bu
So
He four
He
W
The my
The my
An
Th
Who k
Sh
Bu
Now d
Now d

Brisk Strephon the young,
 Whose amorous tongue
 Was baited with words to bewitch her ;
 The god did prepare
 To combat the fair,
 And try to outrival her twitcher,
 Poor girl !
 And try, &c.

Young Strephon drew nigh her,
 And flush'd with desire,
 Try'd kisses and oaths to bewitch her ;
 He prattled and toy'd,
 But still she reply'd,
 Pish ! let go the hold of my twitcher,
 You fool !
 Pish ! let go, &c.

But this cunning spark,
 So well took his mark,
 He found out the way to o'er reach her ;
 He gave her a trip,
 Which happened the flip
 The mystical knot of her twitcher,
 Poor girl !
 The mystical knot, &c.

And having thus ended
 The thing he intended,
 Who knows what he did to bewitch her ?
 She cry'd no, no, no ;
 But yet I can't go,
 Now do what you will with my twitcher,
 Dear Boy !
 Now do what, &c.

SONG.

S O N G.

Of a noble Race was Shenkin.

ALL in the land of Cyder,
At a place call'd *Brampton-Brian*,
Such a trick was play'd
'Twixt a man and a maid,
As all the saints cry'd fie on.

'Twas gentle *John* and *Susan*,
Were at their recreation,
Which all must grant,
If not in a saint,
Was perfect fornication.

Both evening, noon, and morning,
Brisk *John* was at her crupper,
He got in her geers
Five times before prayers,
And six times after supper.

John was both brisk and airy,
And *Susan* lov'd fruition;
Which brought the poor youth
To tell you the truth,
Full oft to repetition.

John being well provided,
In fine did so solace her,
That *Susan's* waste,
So loosely lac'd,
Shew'd sign of a babe of grace, sir.

But

But when the knight perceiv'd
 That *Susan* had been sinning,
 And that this lass,
 For want of Grace,
 Lov'd sporting more than spinning.

To purge his house from scandal,
 Of filthy fornication,
 And of such crimes,
 To shew the times
 His utter detestation.

Took bed, and rug, and bolster,
 With blankets, sheets, and pillows,
 And *Johnny's* frock,
 And *Susan's* smock,
 And burnt them in the kill-house.

With ev'ry vile utensil,
 On which they had been wicked,
 As chairs and stools,
 Old trunks, close stools,
 And eke the three-legg'd cricket.

But had each thing defil'd,
 Been burnt in *Brampton-Brian*,
 We all must grant
 The Knight would want
 Himself a bed to lie on.

SONG.

S O N G.

Of a noble Race was Shenkin.

ALL in the land of *Cyder*,
At a place call'd *Brampton-Brian*,
Such a trick was play'd
'Twixt a man and a maid,
As all the saints cry'd fie on.

'Twas gentle *John* and *Susan*,
Were at their recreation,
Which all must grant,
If not in a faint,
Was perfect fornication.

Both evening, noon, and morning,
Brisk *John* was at her crupper,
He got in her geers
Five times before prayers,
And six times after supper.

John was both brisk and airy,
And *Susan* lov'd fruition;
Which brought the poor youth
To tell you the truth,
Full oft to repetition.

John being well provided,
In fine did so solace her,
That *Susan's* waste,
So loosely lac'd,
Shew'd sign of a babe of grace, sir.

But

But when the knight perceiv'd
That *Susan* had been sinning,
And that this las,
For want of Grace,
Lov'd sporting more than spinning.

To purge his house from scandal,
Of filthy fornication,
And of such crimes,
To shew the times
His utter detestation.

Took bed, and rug, and bolster,
With blankets, sheets, and pillows,
And *Johnny's* frock,
And *Susan's* smock,
And burnt them in the kill-house.

With ev'ry vile utensil,
On which they had been wicked,
As chairs and stools,
Old trunks, close stools,
And eke the three-legg'd cricket.

But had each thing defil'd,
Been burnt in *Brampton-Brian*,
We all must grant
The Knight would want
Himself a bed to lie on.

SONG.

S O N G

TEAGUE'S MISFORTUNES.

By Chrestit and Saint Patrick, going home late
 last night,
 About two in the morning I was put in a fright;
 Comes a dog in a doublet, flapp'd all in his shirt,
 And throws down poor Teague very clean in the dirt.

Then turning his pistol direct on my face,
 Stand still, you damned dog, or you shall have the
 Best of me for me, for all your own faults;
 For he was by — in such a sorrowful case.

Unfounded and unpolite, bold as hero I cry'd,
 Your meddling with me, wiles Tyburn be cry'd;
 If Teague catch you again, a lock will he take
 Of you.

He will tear it up, upon your Majesty's peace.

Thus did we d, he shew'd us all his dear honey,
 And not him there at all, but he was there
 My money, dear dog, he Teague told — he's un-
 der.

Well, even take it all — for by Chrestit I have
 none.

